THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

EVERYBODY in Parliament is complaining of the lassitude which distinguishes that illustrious assembly at the present moment. Things were bad enough before the influenza fell so suddenly upon the unfortunate Mixed Committee on Railway Rates and laid low four of its most important members. But since then the House of Commons has reached a pitch of absolute indifference to its business which is unprecedented. Members hardly think it worth their while to walk down to Westminster of an afternoon, and when they do go they can hardly be induced to listen to the debates, preferring the library, the smoking-room, or even the dining-room to the House itself. On Tuesday, when the foolish debate on the Derby Day adjournment was at an end, everybody rushed out, unmindful of the fact that one of the most serious debates of the Session was about to take place. The consequence was that SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT delivered one of the best speeches heard in Parliament for many a long day to a score of members. But even if the House had been crowded the effect of the presence of such apathetic, listless creatures as the present members would not have been exhilarating. The simple fact is that this Parliament is moribund, and is now only lingering on in hope of a decent funeral.

WE have not the North Bucks result to comment on at the moment of going to press. Both sides are sanguine, but when we consider the unhappy attendant circumstances, and the manner in which the contest has been fought on the Conservative side, we cannot pretend to feel any great confidence in the success of the Liberal candidate. The Tories broke up one of MR. LEON'S meetings by using asafœtida, and the moral stink-pot has also been employed by them during the course of the contest. We are glad that it has been decided not to oppose the return of MR. CAVENDISH for the seat recently held by his father, and equally glad that the Liberals of the City are not disposed to allow the Tories another walk-over in that curious constituency.

THE Government have "backed down" on the Newfoundland Question, and have done so with characteristic maladroitness. On Thursday afternoon SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY was in waiting in the House of Commons, prepared to make a speech at the bar in defence of the Colonial rights. Up to that moment Ministers had maintained a stern and unyielding front, and there was no reason to suppose that they had any intention of changing their minds. But at the last moment MR. SMITH announced that an agreement had been arrived at between the Government and the Newfoundland representatives, by which the former accepted the action of the Newfoundland Legislature as satisfactory. Even then, however, Ministers seemed unwilling to lose a chance of blundering, and accordingly they pressed for the second reading of their own ill-starred Bill dealing with the difficulty, whilst promising that it should not be carried further. On this point of punctilio the compromise might have been wrecked if it had not been for the action of MR. BRYCE, who suggested the adoption of a certain form of words in the shape of a resolution, on the adoption of which the Bill might for the present be withdrawn. This suggestion commended itself to the House generally, and was finally accepted by MR. SMITH, the result being that all immediate fear of a conflict between the Mother Country and the oldest of her Colonies has passed away. We have not, of course, got rid of the difficulty with France, but for the present the Colonial Office has got into comparatively smooth water.

NEWS arrived on Monday of what at first sight seemed to have been a serious collision between Portuguese and British forces in South Africa, near Fort Salisbury in Manicaland. So far as is known, a body of some 500 Portuguese—probably some of the student volunteers who went out in the height of the patriotic fever some months ago—with 250 native allies, arrived at Massi Kesse in Manicaland, and finding it empty, pushed on towards Fort Salisbury. On their arrival there on the 11th of May, they were attacked by the Chartered Company's police, and defeated with a loss of seven killed and twenty wounded, chiefly it would seem from the native contingent. Public opinion, however, has taken the matter very coolly—even more so, indeed, in Portugal than in England—it being clear that the Portuguese and MR. RHODES' Company—or rather the prospectors for gold who are going out under its auspices—are racing each other for the auriferous portion of Mashonaland, and that under the *modus vivendi* the Portuguese had no right whatever to be in the neighbourhood; while the conflict seems to have been provoked by their attitude. Indeed, even LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S forcible telegrams to the *Daily Graphic* have not sufficed to stir up much excitement against Portugal, and it is satisfactory to know that the new treaty will be submitted to the Cortes to-day, and that measures have been taken by the Portuguese and British officials at Beira to prevent further conflicts. Another of the difficulties incidental to a large Empire enters on a new phase this week. The Senaputty, following the instinct common to many primitive peoples, returned, as is the native custom, to lurk about his own home in the disguise of a coolie, and was captured, not far from the palace in Manipur, on Saturday last by the native police.

THE decree *nisi* in the divorce case of O'SHEA *v.* O'SHEA and PARNELL was made absolute on Tuesday, and the respondent and co-respondent are now, therefore, at liberty to marry. We do not pretend to know what course MR. PARNELL intends to take so far as his private life is concerned, but in public he maintains his attitude of irreconcilable hostility to the Liberal party, to the Irish hierarchy, and to all those Nationalists who have withdrawn their confidence from him. The *Times* on Monday contained an effective letter from ARCHBISHOP WALSH in reply to certain statements which MR. PARNELL made with regard to that prelate in his speech at Belfast. Nothing can be more telling than the manner in which the Archbishop exposes the tactics of the member for Cork. He reminds the public that after "the many humiliating performances" of the co-respondent in the Divorce Court had been brought to light, that person issued a manifesto to his countrymen. "But what was it all about? His relations with CAPTAIN O'SHEA'S wife? An assurance to his fellow-countrymen who had

trusted him so implicitly that his honour was unstained? A declaration of innocence, such as he had made in the House of Commons when charged with the writing of the letters forged by RICHARD PIGOTT? Nothing of the kind. His discourse was all about the sapping of political independence and integrity, MR. GLADSTONE, the police, and a number of other very skilfully chosen but utterly irrelevant topics." This is severe, but true, and the wonder is that MR. PARNELL'S new admirers should have forgotten it.

THE two general Assemblies have been sitting in Edinburgh this week. It has always been felt as a scandal that the representative bodies of Presbyterianism should meet within a stone's throw of each other and not meet together. But this year it has come to be acknowledged, and the Free Church in its resolution on Thursday reminded its countrymen that "The Free Church Assembly were prepared years ago to confer with the Assembly of the Established Church if the question of Establishment or Disestablishment were left open. But the offer made on this basis was not accepted." The State Church in Scotland, however, is prevented by statutory bonds from that free development which is going on in Presbyterianism all around it. On Tuesday its more fortunate neighbour passed an important "Declaratory Act," which measures the modern modification of Calvinism among those who profess that system. The Free Church "down grade" into the nineteenth century does not seem to be very steep. But it includes a declaration of the love of God to all mankind, an affirmation of the remaining nobility of man's nature even as fallen, and a repudiation of the intolerant principle openly avowed by the Westminster Confession. Still more important probably is the change instituted by the same Assembly in the obligation on individual ministers who subscribe that Confession. Henceforth "diversity of opinion is recognised in this Church on such points in the Confession as do not enter into the substance of the Reformed Faith." It is the same extent of freedom which expatriated Scotchmen and Puritans in America have attained to. And, judging from their experience, it seems to make a good working basis for self-government and Church democracy.

THE terrible fire at Brompton on Saturday night last, in which LORD ROMILLY and two of his servants perished, brings us face to face with one of the real dangers of life. When we consider in how many thousands of houses lamps similar to that which caused this shocking disaster are in daily use, we see how real is the danger which attends even the ordinary customs of our daily life. It is strange, however, that it should have been so difficult for the inmates of a house in which a fire broke out before midnight to make their escape. Builders and architects take too little note of the possibility of accidents of this kind, and make too little preparation for them when they do occur.

IT is welcome news that we are at last to have a new coinage. Eight artists have been invited to send in designs for the sovereign, half-sovereign, crown, half-crown, florin, and shilling, and by October next these designs will be in the hands of the Master of the Mint. The purpose of obtaining them is, of course, the abandonment of the odious Jubilee coinage, surely the most vulgar and inartistic work of the kind ever issued from the mint of a civilised country. It is to be hoped that no influence, however exalted, will on this occasion avail to prevent the adoption of designs worthy of the dignity and artistic repute of the country.

THE Colonies have received another warning this week that British investors will not go on lending as freely as they have been doing of late. The Bank of England on Wednesday brought out a loan for the Queensland Government of 2½ millions sterling, bearing 3½ per cent. interest, the minimum price being 94, but the subscriptions amounted to a little under £300,000. Queensland, like all the Colonies, has been borrowing too rapidly, and it will benefit in the long-run if it takes this lesson to heart, and practises more economy in the future. Colonial securities have given way, and generally the stock markets have been less active than last week. There has been a recovery, it is true, in international securities, especially Spanish and Portuguese, due chiefly to repurchases by speculators who had sold without possessing the stocks. When speculative repurchases cease, there is therefore a probability that there will be another fall, for the outlook in Portugal is not favourable in spite of the efforts of the new Finance Minister to make out that it is better than is generally believed; and the position in Spain is also very critical. In almost all other departments of the Stock Exchange prices are somewhat lower. There is a very uneasy feeling once more in the City. At the end of last week it was hoped that the Bank of England had got so strong that all danger was averted, but once more apprehension has arisen. People ask what can be impending that induces the Bank of England to obtain the co-operation of the leading joint-stock banks to support rates at the very time when such immense amounts of gold are being received? They argue, therefore, that the directors must know of some serious financial difficulties of which the general public is ignorant. Members of the Stock Exchange, consequently, the leading speculators, and the investing public are acting very cautiously, and restricting rather than increasing their risks. Even in the market for American Railroad securities there is a pause, although the opinion appears to be almost universal in the United States that the excellent harvest that now seems fairly well assured will lead to a great rise in prices, and will generally improve trade throughout the Union.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount on Thursday, but they find it very difficult to keep up the value of money, although they have induced some of the leading joint-stock banks to co-operate with them. During the fortnight ended Wednesday night, the Bank received from abroad over three millions sterling in gold, and there is a large amount still on the way. Bill brokers and discount houses in consequence argue that the Bank is now getting strong enough for all reasonable purposes, that a five per cent. rate in the early summer is injurious to trade, and that there is no good reason why it should be made effective. Therefore, they are competing so actively for bills that for the moment the Bank of England is being defeated. If this is so this week, when the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange caused an unusual demand for money, the market is likely to be still weaker next week. It is to be hoped that the Bank of England and the leading joint-stock banks will take whatever measures may be necessary to prevent a further fall in rates; for though there is no cause for alarm, the position is critical enough to make it extremely desirable that all the gold coming to this country should be retained by the Bank of England, and there is a danger that it will not be retained unless rates can be raised. The silver market has remained quiet throughout the week, the price being 44 5-16d. per ounce. There is little demand either for India or for the Continent, and the American speculators are evidently unable to carry on their operations. The Treasury is still buying 4½ million ounces per month, but the accumulation of the metal is so great that the mine owners and the speculators find it impossible to keep up the price. Silver securities are likewise depressed.

MORE TALK ABOUT OBSTRUCTION.

THE House of Commons, by a majority of twenty-eight, solemnly resolved last Tuesday that it would take its usual Derby Day holiday, and on the following day the Ministerial organs, in their accustomed fashion, and with even more than their accustomed vigour, poured forth their denunciations upon —the Opposition. Nothing that the Liberal party can do at present is pleasing to the *Times* and the other organs of the Government; and even when Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the virtuous few desire to keep the House at work on the Derby Day they are not thereby relieved from the charge of wilfully obstructing the progress of Parliamentary business. On Wednesday, immediately after Ministers and their friends had decided to waste a day, the journalists turned in their usual style upon the Opposition, and in language of studied insult charged them with being alone responsible for the hopeless deadlock in which the business of Parliament is now involved. Surely it is time that Ministers themselves should whisper a word of advice to their too-zealous henchmen. None know better than the occupants of the Treasury Bench that all this talk about obstruction is the purest cant and nonsense. That the business of the House, despite the opening of the Session in November, is a dismal and discreditable muddle is perfectly true; but that the Opposition are directly or indirectly responsible for the fact, or that the mess has been occasioned by obstruction open or occult, is absolutely untrue.

The plain fact is that Ministers in general are oppressed by a curious inability to manage their own business. Never has a spectacle of more complete helplessness been witnessed than that which has been presented by the Treasury Bench within the last week. We are aware that the influenza is responsible in part at least for the general disorganisation of Parliament. But Ministers cannot claim that they have suffered by it more than other people. On the Opposition side of the House Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley have both been absent for many days, whilst Sir William Harcourt, in fulfilment of important engagements, was compelled to remain away from his place. Yet even then the Opposition were not paralysed, and they at least were prepared to carry on the public business in the usual manner. But on the Treasury Bench the absence of Mr. Smith seemed to have reduced everything to chaos. Mr. Goschen was leading the House—ostensibly. But Mr. Goschen could not even make a single statement as to the course of business, or name a day for the discussion of the Manipur affair, until the invaluable Mr. Smith had been recalled from sunnier climes to resume the leadership of his party. We have a great respect for Mr. Smith, but really it is too much to ask us to believe that the affairs of the world cannot go on during his absence from Parliament. If, as seems to be the case, his own colleagues decline to recognise the authority of Mr. Goschen, or to permit him to make arrangements with the leaders of the Opposition as to the order of public business, it would surely be well that another deputy leader should be chosen whom the rank and file of the Tory party will not be unwilling to obey. In any case it is idle, when these obstacles to business are offered by the occupants of the Treasury Bench, for the hacks of the Ministerial press to rave about obstruction.

The cause for the gloomy Parliamentary outlook is, we repeat, the mismanagement, we are afraid we must say the dishonest mismanagement, of their own affairs by the Government. No human being will pretend that the discussion of the Irish Land Bill has been carried on at an inordinate length. Possibly, indeed, so much time would not have been occupied in passing the measure if Mr. Balfour had possessed the art of imparting his own knowledge of its numberless details to the House of Commons. But independent members are not to be blamed because they were compelled to spend time in extracting from the Irish Secretary explanations of the meaning of particular provisions, which Mr. Gladstone, for instance, would have been able to make clear to the comprehension of everybody in the course of a single speech. So far as the charge of obstruction refers to the time spent on the Land Bill, therefore, we fling it back upon Ministers themselves. Nor is there a shadow of truth in the assertion that time has been wilfully wasted by the Liberals in discussing Mr. Goschen's finance. After all, an Opposition has certain rights and duties from which it cannot free itself, and among them is the due examination of financial proposals of a grave and far-reaching character. The Ministerial organs make merry over Sir William Harcourt's criticism of Mr. Goschen's proceedings; but Mr. Gladstone, whose authority in finance even the most hardened of Liberal Unionists does not venture to dispute, expressed the opinion some weeks ago that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would find it no easy task to meet Sir William's searching examination of his financial projects; and, as a matter of fact, to this day Mr. Goschen has made no answer to the criticisms of his rival which can be described, even by the most ardent of his admirers, as satisfactory. It is preposterous in these circumstances to charge those who insist upon criticising and condemning the risky, flashy, empirical financial policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with obstruction. The broad fact remains, that Ministers have gradually piled up for themselves a burden of work which by no human ingenuity can be completed before the prorogation. How, with such an array of votes to be passed and measures to be dealt with as they have now to face, they can ever have dreamed of passing a Free Education Bill during the present Session, passes comprehension. But it is even more incomprehensible that anybody should pretend to believe that for this unexampled muddle and breakdown we are indebted to anything save the incompetence of Ministers themselves, and the presence amongst us of that Irish Question which Mr. Balfour is still as far from having solved as he ever was.

THE WEARY TITAN ONCE MORE.

THE barometer of Imperial affairs is varying just now between stormy and unsettled. Never again are we likely to know settled calm unless and until our Empire has passed through some revolutionary crisis, the circumstances and outcome of which it would be out of place to discuss. At the beginning of the week it seemed as if Newfoundland were the darkest spot on the Colonial horizon. The refusal of the merchants of St. John's to celebrate the Queen's birthday, followed by the outrage on the flagstaff at Government House, and coupled with the apparent obstinacy of the Foreign Office here, seemed to indicate the approach of a final and irreparable rupture between the Home Government and the Colony.

But at the moment of writing we learn that the Government has come down from its balloon and agreed to a compromise which will relegate the final adjustment of the dispute to the next Liberal Cabinet. Simultaneously with the assuagement of the Newfoundland trouble, comes ominous news

connected with the Behring Sea Question, which had remained in abeyance for some weeks owing to Mr. Blaine's illness. The press telegrams leave much to be explained, but it rather looks as if under some sudden and unaccountable influence Lord Salisbury had gone back on himself and his own cogent despatches, by volunteering a proposal that the seal fishery should be closed to both nations for the present year, so as to allow the stock of seals to replenish itself in peace—his whole contention having hitherto been that no such close-time was in any way needed. Upon the first blush of the thing it would seem that this was an offer with which the Government of Washington would be in haste to close. But there are "wheels within wheels" in this matter, and some people in the States are unkind enough to say that it was by certain private business entanglements that Mr. Blaine was for so long restrained from taking advantage of Lord Salisbury's false move. But Mr. Blaine has now been forced into an acceptance of Lord Salisbury's proposal, and the present Session of the Imperial Parliament will not pass over without the worry of yet another Colonial Coercion Bill for closing the fishery to Canadian vessels, for of such a Bill the Government gave brief notice on Thursday night.

In South Africa, although the intelligence of the last conflict on the Pungwé has been received with pre-eminent calmness and good sense both in London and Lisbon, the uncomfortable prospect remains that Mr. Rhodes, now backed up by Lord Randolph Churchill, is pursuing, with unfaltering cynicism, the policy, which is ascribed to him by his warmest admirers, of pushing Lord Salisbury into a war with Portugal. Lord Salisbury has, to a great extent, tied his own hands by officially launching and baptising the Chartered Company; and amongst his most constant and unpleasing thoughts must be the growing presentiment that he is being hurried into inflicting a deadly blow upon the Monarchical principle and the Conservative interests of Europe.

The signal failure of the Queensland Loan may seem a matter of little interest except to Queenslanders, but, following as it does on the partial failure of other Australian Colonies to raise money in the London market, it is not too much to say that it makes a turning point in the relations of the Australian Colonies to the Mother Country. So much of their loyalty was, perhaps unconsciously, based on the belief that that good Mother Country has always pleased to advance a little fresh pocket-money to grease the wheels of Colonial life. On the last occasion that Victoria came upon the London market with success, much of that success was due to the appearance in the morning papers of a telegram announcing that the Speaker and House of Assembly had wound-up a debate by singing "God Save the Queen," the Speaker beating time from the chair. This news so intoxicated the imagination of the London Stock Exchange that the money was at once forthcoming; but now, even in the Stock Exchange, they seem to have become cold-blooded and parochially-minded persons, who refuse to accept Imperialism at its own valuation. Once Australia comes to believe that the London Money Market is closed against it, except on terms of requiring a sovereign's worth as security for the loan of twenty shillings, the whole sentiment of the Antipodes towards England will be revolutionised. No words will be too hard for us English personally, and the manifold disadvantages of integral connexion with a State forming part of the old European System will grow to more and more formidable proportions in the Australian mind.

In Egypt alone of all our dependencies which are in any way "alive," is the outlook pleasant and gratifying to our national self-complacency. And even in Egypt, when Sir Evelyn Baring's last Reports are critically examined, it can be seen that much of his vaunted reforms consist in nothing but making clean the outside of the cup and platter. The police are beautifully clothed and personally very clean, but crime in the Provinces is more rampant than of yore; and the state of the police is but typical of many other of the institutions which the English have reformed. Neither trade nor cultivation are expanding at anything like the rate at which they should expand, looking to the boasted improvements in irrigation and fiscal administration. Some distinctly retrograde steps are in contemplation or have been taken, such as the increase of the import duties by 25 per cent., and the total prohibition of the growth of tobacco. The boasted abolition of the *corvée* has been in part neutralised by fiscal changes which have in effect extracted rather more money from the people than was represented by the *corvée*. It is indeed as a tax-collector alone that the Anglo-Egyptian is unquestionably successful even in his own eyes. Not that we blame Sir Evelyn Baring for his partial want of success. He did all that man could do to avert the British occupation, and since the British occupation he has done all that man can do to make it a success. Thwarted at every turn by the jealousy of the Latin races, and the profound but passive hatred of the native mind, it is no wonder that in the cool and singularly self-detached review of his own work he points to question after question where he judges success either unattained or unattainable. But whatever the value of his work, it is overshadowed by the curse of an early and almost inevitable mortality. It is a house of cards which the thoughtless or mischievous amongst the nations may at any time blow down. How or when the end will come, we know not; but we take it for granted that the English military occupation is not to last for ever, and when it ends, unless anarchy is allowed to supervene, the whole administrative system must be constituted anew on an International basis, so that much of what Sir E. Baring is doing must go for nought. It is brave this attempt of England to do it all single-handed; and the result is pretty and peculiarly English. Whatever else we have failed in, we have introduced *la propreté Anglaise* into the towns and among the people. We have not killed corruption, but we have abolished stench. It may be magnificent; but it is not politics.

THE OUTLOOK FOR FREE EDUCATION.

THE bait of free education has not taken. The Old Guard of Conservatism is seriously perturbed, and there is not the slightest sign of satisfaction on the part of the town or rural voters with a boon which comes so unmistakably in the form of a bribe. So we do not wonder that the Government are in no hurry to submit their plan. What it is we are not to know until the Land Bill has passed through Committee, and then, when the session is all but ended, an exhausted and moribund House of Commons is to be told, "Take it or leave the measure as you like; but give us as much credit as if we had brought it forward at a time when discussion was possible." And this is to be done in regard to a measure in which details are everything—in regard to a problem over the practical solution of which experts are puzzled. Under the banner of free education, all politicians now-a-days would march. The whole controversy is as to the terms on which freedom is to be conferred, what subsidy is to be given to voluntary schools, what supervision in the in-

terests of the public shall be exercised over schools receiving State aid, and how free education shall be prevented from conducing as, in certain circumstances it may, to inferior education.

When Mr. Goschen made known the Government's intention, it was assumed that they would do as had been done in Scotland, where, under the Local Government Act for 1889, relief from fees has been given in the case of children below a certain standard. This, we now know, would be a mistake; the Scotch experiment must not be followed if we are not to aggravate an evil already only too great. The latest official report for Scotland states that "so far as we can gather from the remarks of school boards, a considerable increase has taken place amongst the youngest scholars, many being sent to school even under age." So far good; we may count for similar results in England. But one bad effect of the new system in Scotland, if the figures for the period in which the experiment has been made are a fair criterion, is that parents are tempted to take their children from school just at the age when they could most profit by instruction. There has always been a lamentable tendency, as the authorities have often pointed out, to remove children from school at an absurdly early age. "We are sorry to find," says the English report for 1889-90, "on examining the school returns, that the education of so many children of ten years and upwards is discontinued as soon as by passing the prescribed standard they are freed from the obligation to attend school. Out of 481,106 children presented in Standard IV. in 1888, as many as 167,742 disappeared from the examination list of our schools in 1889; while the 309,388 scholars in Standard V. of 1888 fell in the year to 138,864, and the 127,863 scholars in Standard VI. to 38,362." "We regret," observes the Scotch report, in much the same strain, "that the education of many children appears to be discontinued as soon as the standard for exemption is reached. We find proof of this in the fact that of 61,612 scholars in Standard V., only 28,939 appear in the higher standard to which they would naturally rise in 1889." Give free education on the terms on which it is granted in Scotland, and it is certain that the chief defect of the present system will be accentuated. Regarded as crèches or kindergartens, the schools will be better; as true schools, they will be worse than they are. The fact is that there is, and long has been, a grave danger of giving the shadow without the substance of national education, of loading the country with vast expenses without any commensurate advantages. Was it to establish merely nurseries and playgrounds that many of us laboured for National Education? Are we to be content with the fact that every year so many thousand children go out into the world with a trifling stock of knowledge which will probably quickly disappear? We have been making much fuss about little, if the present state of things as described in official reports is to be perpetuated; we shall have been lamentably deceived if the older scholars are to diminish still more. Mr. Herbert Spencer's objection to Free Education, as a bad training for the parent, can only be met by making it a thoroughly civilising training for the child.

The Government have not yet let us into the secret as to the precise way in which they propose to assist elementary schools; and it is evident from the controversy going on between managers of voluntary schools that it will be found extremely difficult to reconcile the new system with their existence. Three suggestions have in some quarters found favour. One is to ascertain the scale of fees in any school, fix a certain sum—say, 3d. a week—as compensation for such fees, let all scholars hitherto paying 3d. or less henceforth pay nothing; those who have paid 4d., pay 1d; those, if any, paying 6d., pay 3d. A second is to reverse what is done in Scotland; make parents who are only too glad to use the schoolmaster or the schoolmistress as nurses and caretakers of very young children, pay fees for such; do the reverse as to children of, say, seven and upwards; let there be free education for those who, under the present system, are most liable to be withdrawn just at the age when they are most amenable to instruction. A third scheme, known as the Selmeston scheme, has also been recommended. The principle of it is that at the end of the school year the managers return the whole of the school fees paid for children who have made a prescribed number of attendances. "If we were placed in a position," writes one who has tried the scheme, "to return all fees where two hundred and fifty attendances had been made, all those children whose parents deserve any consideration would receive free education." Our preference is, on the whole, for the second of these suggestions. But, obviously, any scheme presented will require prolonged examination; and it is ludicrous to suppose that it can receive adequate attention at the fag end of the Session.

On one point the supporters of the Government are strangely silent. They are loud in their praise of the voluntary schools; and in the chorus of laudation they slur over the fact that it is intended to hand over the management of still larger sums of public money to persons who are responsible to no one. It is taken for granted that we shall acquiesce in this, just as we should in a new Minute of the Committee of Education about an alteration in one of the Standards. The Bishop of St. Asaph, speaking the other day of the coming of Free Education, with no particular warmth, said that he hoped it would not involve "conditions of management which would hamper their efficiency or independence." "Their efficiency" is not imperilled by anything which the Opposition contemplate. No one thinks of beginning a fanatical war against the voluntary schools. For our part, we readily recognise that they have done good work, especially where they have been stimulated by the proximity of a School Board. "Their independence" is another question. If it means dependence on taxation for existence, and entire independence of popular control, it is an arrogant pretension, to be resisted now as in the past.

HARVEST AND TRADE PROSPECTS.

THE rains of the past fortnight, though accompanied by a low temperature in the day-time and by sharp frosts at night, have done much good; the green crops especially have improved, and there is a more hopeful feeling respecting even the grain crops. If June continues wet, it is possible that the hay crop may turn out fairly well, and that the pastures and the green crops may likewise be satisfactory. But unless the weather is more exceptionally favourable than we have any right to expect, the grain crops will be both late and bad. Upon the Continent prospects are even worse than in the United Kingdom. From France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany the reports are gloomy, and it may be said generally that throughout Western and Middle Europe the probability now is that the harvest will be both short and late. In the United States, on the other hand, the winter wheat crop promises to be better than it has been for the past eleven years. The Indian wheat harvest is also good, and the exports from India are on an exceptionally large scale already. In Russia some districts

report excellent crops, while much damage has been done in others. As far as can be judged at present, therefore, the likelihood is that there will be an exceptionally good harvest in the United States, an average one in Russia, and in the other exporting countries not better than an average. The crop already secured in India is good.

For some years past the total wheat production of the world has not very greatly exceeded the consumption, and consequently at the present time the stock of old wheat is smaller than usual. The result is that for some months past there has been a sharp rise in prices. It began in France, where merchants, growing alarmed, began to buy on an extraordinary scale, and other importing countries quickly followed their lead. During the past fortnight there has been some decline, but even yet quotations are very much higher than they have been for the past seven years. During last week, for example, the average price of wheat in the principal markets of England and Wales was 39s. 6d. per quarter, comparing with 33s. 2d. in the corresponding week of last year—a rise of 16 per cent.—and with 29s. 5d. in the corresponding week of the year before—a rise of 25½ per cent. Assuming that rain continues, and that the green crops generally turn out to be fairly good, the influence of the bad wheat harvest upon our own country will be far less than upon Continental countries whose harvests now do not look well. For over a generation our farmers have been decreasing steadily the acreage under grain, and have been turning their attention more and more to cattle-raising and cattle-feeding. Of course, we shall have to import a larger quantity of wheat than for some years past, and at higher prices; but it is not impossible that those from whom we buy may in return purchase larger quantities of our manufactures, and thus stimulate our trade. The United States will naturally be our largest supplier, and the McKinley Act will necessarily reduce their purchases of our goods; but still, if the American farmers have as large crops as now seems probable, and sell them at remunerative prices, they will, it is fair to expect, buy from us more largely than they have recently been doing. At the same time, it seems reasonably certain that the price of wheat will continue in the next agricultural year higher than it has been for several years past. The working classes, therefore, having to pay more for their bread, will have less money to spend upon all other articles, and consequently it is to be feared that trade will to some extent suffer from the falling-off in their demand.

On the Continent the consequences are likely to be far graver. With us agriculture is only one of several great industries, but there it is by far the greatest of all; indeed, in many countries it is greater than all others put together. Specially serious will be the effect in France.

Another consequence likely to follow from bad harvests throughout Western Europe is a serious disturbance of the Money Market. If not only this country, but France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany have to import from the United States, India, and Russia larger quantities of wheat than they ordinarily do, the competition of all those countries with one another will force prices up. Not only, therefore, will the imports be larger in quantity, but the value will be very much higher; and as it is hardly probable that the foreign trade of Western Europe will increase in proportion to the imports of wheat, it is reasonably certain that a considerable part of the imports will have to be paid for in gold; and that is all the more likely because of the large shipments of gold from New York that have been going on since the beginning of the year. These shipments now somewhat exceed ten millions sterling. If the American harvest is as good as it promises to be, there will naturally be a strong desire on the part of the farmers to send their crops to market as early as possible. Therefore, there will be a demand on their part for money to employ labour in garnering and sending those crops to market. The banks in New York, having had to send so much gold to Europe, are not in a position to supply the West and South with exceptionally large amounts of money, and to enable them to do so it is possible that they may draw upon Europe for the gold which they have been sending thither during the past few months. If they do this, apprehension will spring up in London, Paris, and Berlin; all the great banks will exert themselves to prevent gold being withdrawn from them, and rates may rise in such a way as to make it very difficult for embarrassed houses to meet their engagements. At all events, the fear that large amounts of gold will be taken by the United States is almost sure to create apprehension and to increase distrust, and that of itself is only too likely to make the difficulties of those who are already embarrassed more serious than they are at present. Of course, if hay, grass, and roots should be bad, as well as the grain crops, the consequences would be much more serious; and so far as France is concerned, there might be alarm if the beet crop and the wine crop should also be affected.

Assuming, then, that the harvest throughout Western Europe is not better than it threatens to be at present, and assuming also that the prospects in the United States are realised, the probability is that there will be very great prosperity in the latter country. Along with the real increase in prosperity there is likely to be a somewhat wild speculation in railroad securities. If such a speculation should arise, and if the continuous advance in prices should induce European speculators to buy American securities largely, the power of American bankers to take gold from Europe would be increased. Recently European holders have been selling American securities, and American capitalists have been buying. This is one reason why Europe has been able to obtain so much gold from New York. If now the movement is changed, if Americans sell and European speculators buy, Europe will have to pay not only for the increased imports of grain, but also for the imports of securities, and it may be, therefore, that the exports of gold from Europe to America may become inconveniently large. Russia, too, is likely to benefit, if the harvest turns out as good as it promises to be. It will export large quantities at high prices, and, therefore, the power of the Russian Government to take gold from Western Europe will be increased. India is already exporting unusually large quantities of wheat, and India, therefore, will share in the prosperity of all the wheat-exporting countries.

But, on the other hand, Western Europe will suffer. As we have already said, the trade of this country is world-wide, and the more we buy from foreign countries the more likelihood there is that foreign countries will purchase larger quantities of our manufactures. This may off-set to a very considerable extent the disadvantages of the bad harvest so far as the United Kingdom is concerned; but the Continental countries cannot hope to increase their foreign trade as we can, and a disturbed Money Market is extremely likely to bring on the crisis in Paris and Berlin which has been threatening ever since November. Unless, then, there is a wonderful change in the weather, and it proves better during the next few months than we have any right to expect, the outlook for the autumn upon the Continent is not bright.

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

THE story of the tailors' strike, which has practically come to a satisfactory ending, has awakened a shiver of sympathetic interest in a generation which has not forgotten "Alton Locke." As it happens, the movement among the West End tailors covers the same ground as Kingsley chose, but circumstances have largely changed the centre of sweating horrors from the west to the east of London. In some respects it may be doubted whether there is great improvement. Mr. Macdonald, the very able secretary of the Society of Amalgamated Tailors, protests that there is an utter absence of proper workshops in the West End, where there is ample room for them, and it is certain that the making of cheap clothes and nasty goes on under much the same conditions as of old—in air poisoned with flaring gas-jets, in rooms of ten or twelve feet square, over-filled with workers and unprovided with sanitary appliances. But the West End of to-day is largely devoted to the making of the better class of "bespoke" goods for customers who pay heavily for fit, cut, and material, and leave a fairly remunerative sum to come to the worker, even after the most exorbitant craving for profits has been satisfied. In the season, £2, £3, or even £5 may be made by a good journeyman tailor working for first-rate houses. The luxury of the West has so far levelled up the lot of its workers, while leaving the lower branches of the trade as depressed as before. Indeed, the very demands of the men indicate a certain security remote from the tortured and dependent lot of the sweaters' victims. The men ask first for better workshops, thereby emphasising the findings of the Lords' Sweating Committee; secondly, for a uniform time-log or price-list, an old demand of the Union, which, in harmony with the wise levelling of the workers' policy, has always desired to substitute a definite time-payment for varying and highly complicated piece-rates; thirdly, for the abolition of labour partnerships, and a trade rule of "one man one garment." Clearly it is only a skilled all-round worker who can claim the right of finishing coat or trousers work by himself. It is in the "sweated" branches of the trade that that blessed word, "subdivision of labour," prevails, and that the labour of coat-making is apportioned among a little army of machinists, basters, pressers, fellers, and button-hole hands, whose wages vary from seven shillings or six shillings a day to twopence an hour for a day extending on occasions to fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen hours. The skilled English journeyman tailor or the better class home-worker knows nothing of the struggles of such a death in life.

Nevertheless, it is in the highest degree satisfactory that the West End tailors have put the provision of workshops in the forefront of their demands. The evils of home-work are often sought by the labourer in consideration of the high wages it involves, and the privilege of unwatched and unrestricted toil, carried on night and day, and at fever speed in times of severe pressure. But unrestricted labour is no longer the industrial watchword; and it is the home-worker in the tailoring trade who is largely responsible for the invasion of his province by the foreign and women workers, organised for the swift production of inferior goods on terms horribly wasteful of human life and happiness. It is here where we touch what is perhaps loosely called the sweating of the tailor's business. The West End journeyman, half skilled worker and half machinist, pressing his wife and family into his business, has in time been confronted with the Jewish captain—or rather lieutenant—of industry, with his band of ten, fifteen, or twenty workers squeezed into his living rooms, out of the eye of the single factory inspector who vainly tries to watch over the unshepherded millions of East End toilers. Here, as Miss Beatrice Potter and, less exhaustively, Mr. Burnett have pointed out, is a regular organisation of labour, though of a vicious kind, and against it the home-worker, though not the best English journeyman, is bound to go under. This is practically what has happened, and what is at the root of the wise resolve of the Amalgamated Tailors to insist on the provision of workshops. In the sphere of unregulated home industry nothing lives—neither unionism nor law. It is the sure and simple sign of industrial decay.

Unfortunately it is difficult to predict any substantial improvement of the lot of the English tailor, apart from what his own combination can effect. Mr. Matthews' Factory Bill has been neatly purged of nearly all the provisions relating to workshops, and the attempt adequately to register and supervise the tailoring trade in the East End will be crippled in the future, as in the past, by lack of powers, lack of knowledge, lack of men. Mr. Lakeman will still have to fight single-handed his battle with oppression in dark places, and he will still be confronted by wholesale evasions as to the hours of women's work and meal-times, which the small sweater, whose profit comes out of the pitilessly rapid execution of his orders, has reduced to a system. When the inspector finds a sweating-den, it is the easiest thing in the world to slip the work-girls into the bedrooms, which the official has no power to enter. It was proposed to Mr. Matthews to change this, as well as to increase the number of inspectors, and to show them, by way of registration, a light on the dark intricacies of East End industrial life. But the Home Secretary has steadily refused any such amendment of his hopelessly inadequate measure. While, therefore, we have one end of the tailoring industry depressing the other—the Jewish sweater competing with the English journeyman, and the East End working girl taking a still lower sphere of shoddy goods from the Jew—the tailoring trade will continue to be a favourite hunting-ground of the sweater, who is himself a victim rather than a malign agent of the system he perpetuates. Kingsley and his school dreamed the noble dream of a moral league of consumers against the evils of cheap clothes and nasty. The evolution of industry has shown that to be an idle, if a shapely, vision; and has compelled us to fall back on the heightened vigilance of law, helped by the organisations of the workers.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE last few days have chiefly been marked by numerous settlements of difficulties which might have proved very serious. The Ministerial crisis in Portugal is over; in France the agitation against the Government in connection with the Fourmies disturbance seems to have ceased, as has the excitement about the revelation of melinite, and the omnibus strike; the expulsion of Queen Natalie from Servia, which is referred to in another column, seems as yet not even to have produced any changes in the Ministry; scapegoats have been found in the ranks of the Civil Service, and the ex-Queen has retired peaceably to Odessa. The anti-Jewish agitation in the Ionian Islands is passing away; and the great strike in Belgium has terminated peaceably—instantaneously at Liége, less rapidly at Charleroi.

The conspicuous exception to all this process of settlement is furnished by Russia. There the persecution of the Jews is intensified, and carried out with more than mediæval bigotry and brutality. It is

intended to expel them from St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa—commercial jealousy, no doubt, being a prominent motive in the latter case; they are to be forbidden to observe their own Sabbath, and compelled to keep the Christian Sunday; and there are rumours, not at present very circumstantial, of outrages almost more than Bulgarian. Baron Hirsch's new exodus turns out to be no more than a scheme for assisted emigration to some locality as yet undetermined, with the co-operation of the Russian Government; and some of the refugees have found their escape cut off at Hamburg—presumably by the American emigration law, and have been put into the train again and sent back to Russia; but it has been necessary (and no wonder) to use actual violence to compel them to recross the frontier. It is pleasant to note in contrast to all this, that order is restored in Corfu and Zante; that severe punishments are to be meted out to the assailants of the Jews, and to the officials and police who neglected to do their best to protect them; and that the Turkish Government is offering facilities to the refugees to settle in Albania—a country practically undeveloped, and no doubt with great possibilities, if only the Jews were capable agriculturists and the Turkish Government were able to maintain better order there than it does in Old Servia.

The Russian Government is also destroying what little municipal liberty exists in the country. The present municipal councils are to be dissolved and replaced by committees of officials. The Czarewitch is now returning through Siberia. His presence there, it ought in fairness to be said, is made the occasion of considerable remissions in the sentences of the prisoners. The fact that he is to cut short his tour indicates how great a shock the Japanese policeman has given both to himself and to the Czar. The latter has postponed his journey to Moscow on account of the illness of the Empress.

In France, President Carnot's tour in the south-west has throughout been a decided success. The journey has, no doubt, further increased the stability of the present *régime*—and parts of the south-west have hitherto been strongholds of the Legitimists, as the south side of the Pyrenees is of Spanish Legitimism. Great excitement was caused at the end of last week by the publication by M. Turpin (an inventor with a grievance) of statements respecting the manufacture of melinite and the construction of detonators and various explosives used by the French Government, and by his allegations that the secret, together with others about French fuses and shells, had been revealed by M. Tripone, a captain in the French army and an agent of Messrs. Armstrong. It was allayed, however, by M. de Freycinet's statement in the Chamber on Monday. M. Turpin, it appears, did invent picric acid, and did receive 251,000 francs from the French Government for it, besides entering into an agreement that he should not divulge his invention for a certain period. When this expired, he was free to deal as he pleased with his invention; and as the French Government would not purchase his patents he entered, through M. Tripone, into negotiations with Messrs. Armstrong. Disputes arose, and having before made his charge against M. Tripone and failed to prove it, he has now done so both in a book and in a circular addressed to senators, deputies, and municipal councillors. The book was seized on Friday, and he and M. Tripone were arrested; but the latter has been set at liberty. It is fair to say that Messrs. Armstrong deny M. Turpin's allegations against them and threaten him with an action for libel. It seems clear that melinite is chiefly composed of M. Turpin's picric acid—but this, it is said, is no news to experts; but M. de Freycinet states that the really important secrets of the French War Department relate to a multitude of details in the construction of the shells and fuses, known (at least in their *ensemble*) only to high military personages who are far above suspicion.

The discussion of the general question of the new tariff has closed, and the details are now under consideration. It has been officially announced that the existing duties will be raised under the scheme of the Government, 58 per cent. on the average by the minimal tariff and 90 per cent. by the general tariff; while under the proposals of the Tariff Commission the increase would be 93 per cent. and 160 per cent. respectively. These latter are hardly likely to be adopted; but even the former probably constitute the heaviest tax ever proposed on foreign trade. Meanwhile, however, the duty on wheat and flour, imposed during a war scare in 1887, has been temporarily reduced 20 per cent. — from August 1st next, to June 1st, 1892. It has been explained by MM. De Freycinet and Ribot that the rates of the new minimal tariff—introduced to encourage foreign nations to make concessions to French trade—may be further reduced with the same object by the Government, by commercial treaties, or other arrangements, subject to the approval of the Chamber. Possibly, therefore, France, like the rest of Europe, may yet abandon the new Chinese wall of protection for the limited international trade of commercial treaties.

The settlement of the omnibus strike on Tuesday by the full recognition of the men's representatives (whose position, indeed, is legally recognised in France) and the concession of their demands, the most important being that of a twelve hours' working day, is a satisfactory settlement of what promised to be a serious matter.

In Germany rumours have been rife of the retirement of Herr von Bötticher from the Imperial Ministry of the Interior and his replacement by Herr von Benningsen, the veteran leader of the National Liberals. It has even been said that the latter was escaping from the collapse of his own party, which Prince Bismarck's advent has made probable. But the report has been authoritatively contradicted. Still, the cohesion of the party is doubtful. Its annual meeting is to be held on Sunday, and the Hamburg paper inspired by the Prince urges it to rally round him, which many of its members are not inclined to do. A clerical Conservative paper, the *Kreuz Zeitung*, has found work for Prince Bismarck in his new capacity. He is to lead the Anti-Semites! But the prediction is hardly likely to come true. A more probable ministerial change is the substitution of Herr Thielin for Herr von Maybach, the present Minister of Railways—to the advantage, it is said, of the business of the department.

In Italy economies continue. The Governor of the Abyssinian colony, General Gandolfi, is not to be replaced. A colonel will remain in command. A law reducing the number of prefectures is under consideration. Signor Crispi's efforts in this direction helped to hasten his fall. As bearing on the taxable capacity of Italy, it may be noted that Milan is passing through a municipal crisis caused by its heavy debt of eighty million francs—including a loan about to be raised, and urgently necessary, of thirty-five millions. It may fairly be inferred that cities in the less prosperous parts of Italy and with the same zeal for modern improvement are at least equally badly off. A project for workmen's insurance against accidents is before the Chamber. The Mala Vita trial ended at Bari on Sunday, with the conviction of all the accused but four, and sentences of from six months' to fifteen years' imprisonment. Great preparations had been made in the event of a riot, but none occurred.

The question as to note issue in Spain is compromised by a limitation to 1,500,000,000 pesetas. The Bank in return is to lend the Treasury 150,000,000 pesetas without interest for thirty years. The Bill for the regulation of the labour of women and children, just introduced by the Premier, forbids the labour of children under ten, and fixes the limit of age for half-timers at fourteen. For women, the day is fixed at ten hours.

The Ministerial crisis in Portugal has ended. Senhor Serpa Pimentel having failed to form a

Ministry, the late Premier, General d'Abreu e Souza, now heads a Coalition Cabinet, with a very liberal programme, including reductions of expenditure and acts of clemency to political offenders. A reconstruction of parties may probably follow. Senhor Mariano Carvalho, who seems to be universally regarded as the indispensable Finance Minister, has accepted the post and gone to Paris to settle difficulties about the new loan, and obtain others for public works. The news of the conflict in South-East Africa has created more excitement in England than in Portugal. The violence of quasi-patriotic feeling seems passing away, and the country wants rest. The financial crisis seems practically over.

Negotiations for a commercial treaty between Austria and Switzerland have been begun. Italy, and perhaps Russia, are also, it is said, to be approached with this object by Austria.

Serious reports come from China of riots, and assaults upon foreign residents, particularly at Nankin. The Chinese Government has undertaken to give satisfaction.

The news from Chili is as conflicting as usual; but the advantage seems at present distinctly on the side of the Presidential party. The chase of the *Itata* is definitely abandoned; but she will be delivered up to the United States on her arrival. Iquique has been bombarded and Taltal captured by the Balmacedists.

THE HONOURS TO LIEUTENANT GRANT.

THE official announcement of the honours conferred on Lieutenant Grant is marked by one noteworthy omission. It is scarcely sufficient to commend the "conspicuous bravery and devotion to his country" displayed by this brilliant young officer in the operations at Thobal. Probably Lieutenant Grant did not trouble himself to reflect upon the precise degree of glory which would shine on the Indian Government for its share in the transactions associated with the recent history of Manipur. His business was to lead eighty Sepoys in an attack on an enemy ten times their number in circumstances which recall some of the most daring exploits of our soldiers in the early days of "John Company." But quite unwittingly Lieutenant Grant rendered the Indian Government a service which might be acknowledged in suitable terms. During his ornamental leisure at Balmoral Lord Cross might indite a despatch to the Viceroy expressing the satisfaction of his department that the storm of Thobal and its subsequent defence against immense odds had done much to divert public attention in England from the curious diplomacy which prompted Mr. Quinton's disastrous expedition. For at this moment there can be no doubt that Lord Cross is blessing Lieutenant Grant with all the energy of a rusty vocabulary. But for the brilliant piece of soldiership at Thobal there would be nothing in this Manipur business to commend itself as a saving grace to the popular imagination. The heroic defence of Rorke's Drift was no small compensation for the bungling which caused the massacre of a British regiment at Isandlana, and the discomfiture of the Manipuris at Thobal is a source of infinitely greater satisfaction to the public than any punishment that can be inflicted on the assassins of Mr. Quinton and his companions. Two steps of promotion and the Victoria Cross make a handsome recognition of Lieutenant Grant's services, according to the ordinary official standard; but if the dignity of Governments permitted such a tribute, the Indian authorities might show their gratitude to this officer by some special testimonial. With a view to future contingencies, it might be well to institute a distinct order of merit to be conferred on soldiers who rescue their civil superiors from disagreeable pickles by deeds which set the public rejoicing over evidence that British pluck is still unbounded. Through much that is obscure in the Manipur affair, and a good deal that reflects anything but credit on the directors of an unlucky enterprise, Lieutenant Grant's success shines with a radiance in which a shivering Minister in attendance at Balmoral must be very glad to bask. It seems a pity that the hero of Thobal cannot be sent to England on some decent pretext to grace a Ministerial banquet, and enable Lord Cross to win vicarious applause from a Livery Company in the City by describing Lieutenant Grant's exploits as if they had happened at the India Office.

The details of the operations at Thobal come most opportunely with the proclamation of rewards. No doubt fortune smiled on Lieutenant Grant. There came suddenly to him one of those rare chances of distinction which are grasped only by men of great personal force. It is the highest compliment to Lieutenant Grant to say that he is a perfect devil of a fellow. When he knew that Quinton and his companions had been murdered, and that he might have to face a great portion of the Manipuri army, he resolved without hesitation to push on, leaving the authorities to do what they pleased when they got wind of the facts. This young Englishman with his eighty Sepoys assumed the offensive with as much coolness as if a whole brigade were marching to his support. He knew instinctively that if the mischief of the outbreak were to be checked, such a lesson must be administered to the Manipuris at once as would disabuse their untutored minds of any notion of military supremacy. Unquestionably it was this promptitude which saved us from "a little war." If the Indian Government owed Lieutenant Grant nothing else, they would still be his debtor for a practical economy in military expenditure. It was one of those critical junctures in which audacity is the chief of fighting qualities. With his life in his hand, Lieutenant Grant cleared the enemy out of their fortifications by headlong dash. His men had all the spirit of their leader, and the advance, in his own graphic words, was "like a page out of the drill book." Though armed with two seven-pounders, the Manipuris were compelled to withdraw to a respectful distance from the fort, and the British commander showed as much skill in strengthening the position as intrepidity in attacking it. When ammunition began to run short, he sallied out with a handful of men, and picked off the enemy whenever they attempted to rise and fire behind a wall. When the Manipuris tried negotiations, no doubt with the hope of inveigling Grant as they had inveigled the unfortunate Quinton, the Lieutenant gravely answered that he was going duck-shooting, and told them not to be alarmed. It is just this mixture of courage and *sang froid* which is especially dear to the popular mind. It is the tradition which clings to the memory of Nelson, whose joke with the telescope (which he put to his blind eye when he wanted to ignore the order to cease fighting) is as affectionately cherished as any of his victories. Wellington would have remained popular even in the midst of political troubles if he had ever made a jest at a critical moment in the field. Wherever Lieutenant Grant's name is held in honour, that duck story will brighten his halo, though some cynical historian of posterity will probably assert some day that it is all a myth.

People who are prone to take depressing views of the army ought to be considerably cheered by this story. There is no reason to suppose that Lieutenant Grant is a solitary prodigy, or that many a lieutenant in similar circumstances would not have shown as much ability and daring, and even headed the second storm of Thobal, in which the insatiable Grant, quite indifferent to a bullet in the muscles of his neck, fought hand-to-hand till he fell exhausted. Even the most pacific politician who is troubled by the responsibilities of the Empire, and uneasy about the morality of resolutions which lead to bloodshed, may indulge in some sense of security when he reflects on the happy union of qualities which has made Lieutenant Grant's reputation. Without glorifying

"the noble art of cutting throats" it is sometimes useful to remember that civilisation is not sufficiently advanced to dispense with the profession of arms. It may be that all mortal differences will one day be settled by peaceful means, and that weapons will then be employed for the adornment of museums; but in our present imperfect stage of development, the lieutenants must sometimes be of more practical service than the homilists. There is a disposition to decry military courage as a survival of barbarism, just as there is an occasional impulse, which once found expression in some notable verse, to regard prolonged peace as a canker in the national manhood. But the soldier is none the less worthy to be esteemed by his country because he is liable to lose his life in its service, and for the barbarism of war the responsibility lies most heavily on the rulers who provoke a conflict or whose blundering precipitates it. At the best the affairs of a nation have to be conducted with a full preparation for the arbitrament of violence. When that comes upon us the qualities of a Grant cannot be over-estimated; but it should be remembered that a combination of nerve and intelligence at least equal to his might sometimes spare us needless sacrifices if it were exercised by men whose business is to make policy and not war.

FRESH LIGHT ON DISRAELI.

SIR WILLIAM FRASER has just published a very interesting book, and well worth reading, called "Disraeli and his Day." Although in form it is but a stringing together of stories, incidents, and aphorisms, still the whole produces a distinct effect. To state what that effect is would be we suppose the higher criticism. It is not altogether disagreeable, it is decidedly amusing, it is very clever and somewhat contemptible. Sir William Fraser is a baronet who thinks well of his Order. He desiderates a tribunal to determine the right to the title, and he opines that the courtesy prefix of "Honourable," which once, it appears, belonged to baronets, should be restored to them. Apart from these opinions, ridiculous and peculiar, Sir William Fraser stands revealed in this volume as cast in a familiar mould. The words "gentleman," "White's," "Society," often flow from his pen, and we may be sure are engraven on his heart. He has seen a world wrecked and lives amongst its ruins. When he was young, so he tells his readers, the world consisted of at least three, and certainly not more than five, hundred persons who were accustomed night after night during the season to make their appearance at a certain number of houses which are affectionately enumerated on pages 247-8. A new face at any one of these gatherings immediately attracted attention, as, indeed, it is easy to believe it would. Anything for a change, as somebody observes in "Pickwick."

This is the atmosphere of the book, and Sir William breathes in it very pleasantly. Endowed by nature with a retentive memory and a literary taste, active if singular, he may be discovered in his own pages moving up and down, in and out of Society, supplying and correcting quotations and gratifying the vanity of distinguished authors by remembering their own writings better than they did themselves. The book makes one clearly comprehend what a monstrous clever fellow the rank and file of the Tory party must have felt Sir William Fraser to be. This, however, is only back-ground. In the front of the picture we have the mysterious outlines, the strange personality, struggling between the *bizarre* and the romantic, of "the Jew," as big George Bentinck was ever accustomed to denominate his leader. Sir William Fraser's Disraeli is a very different figure from Sir Stafford Northcote's, that "well intentioned and guileless being." The myth about the pocket Sophocles is rudely exploded. Sir William is certain that Disraeli could not have construed a chapter of the Greek Testament. He found such mythology as he required where many an honest fellow has found it before him—in Lemprière's Dictionary. His French accent, as Sir William records it, was most satisfactory, and a conclusive proof of his *bonâ fides*. Disraeli, it is clear, cared as little for literature as he did for art. He admired Gray, as every man with a sense for epithet must. He studied Junius, whose style, so Sir William Fraser believes, he surpassed in his "Runnymede" Letters. Sir William Fraser kindly explains the etymology of this strange word, Runnymede, as he also does that of Parliament, which he says is "*Parliamo mente*"—"Let us speak our minds." Sir William clearly possesses the learning denied to his chief.

Beyond apparently imposing upon Sir Stafford Northcote, Disraeli himself never made any vain pretensions to be devoted to pursuits he did not care a rap for. He once dreamt of an epic poem, and his early ambition urged him a step or two in that direction, but his critical faculty, which, despite all his monstrosities of taste, was vital, restrained him from making a fool of himself, and he forswore the muse, puffed the prostitute away, and carried his very saleable wares to another market, where his efforts were crowned with prodigious success. Sir William Fraser introduces his great man to us as observing, in reply to a question, that revenge was the passion which gives pleasure the latest. A man, he continued, will enjoy that when even avarice has ceased to please. As a matter of fact Disraeli was neither avaricious nor revengeful, and as far as one can judge, was never tempted to be either. This is the fatal defect of almost all Disraeli's aphorisms. They are mere dead words, whilst the words of a true aphorism have veins filled with the life of their utterer. Nothing of this sort ever escaped the lips of our Modern Sphinx. If he had any faiths, any deep convictions, any rooted principles, he held his tongue about them. He was, Sir William tells us, an indolent man. It is doubtful whether he ever did—apart from the preparation and delivery of his speeches—what would be called by a professional man a hard day's work in his life. He had insight, instinct, prevision, and a deep-rooted conviction that he perfectly understood the materials he had to work upon and the tools within his reach. Perhaps no man ever gauged more accurately, or more profoundly despised that "world" Sir William Fraser so pathetically laments. For folly, egotism, vanity, conceit, and stupidity, he had an amazing eye. He could not, owing to his short sight, read men's faces across the floor of the House, but he did not require the aid of any optic nerve to see the petty secrets of their souls. His best sayings have men's weaknesses for their text. Sir William's book gives many excellent examples—one laughs throughout. Sir William would have us believe that in later life Disraeli clung affectionately to dulness—to gentle dulness. He did not want to be surrounded with wits. He had been one himself in his youth, and he questioned their sincerity. It would almost appear from passages in the book, that Disraeli found even Sir William Fraser too pungent for him. Once we are told the impenetrable Prime Minister quailed before Sir William's reproachful oratory. The story is told on pages 271 to 275. It is not of a Cock and a Bull, but of a question put in the House of Commons by Sir William, who was snubbed by the Home Secretary, who was cheered by Disraeli. This was intolerable, and accordingly next day, being as good luck would have it a Friday, when, as all men and members know, "it is in the power of any member to bring forward any topic he may choose," Sir William naturally chose the topic nearest to his heart, and "said a few words on my wrongs." "During my performance, I watched Disraeli narrowly. I could not see his face, but I noticed that whenever I became in any way disagreeable, in short, whenever my words really bit, they were invariably followed by one movement. Sitting as he always did with his right knee over his left, whenever the words touched him he moved the pendant leg twice

or three times, then curved his foot upwards. I could observe no other sign of emotion, but this was distinct. Some years afterwards, on a somewhat more important occasion at the Conference at Berlin, a great German philosopher, Herr ——, went to Berlin on purpose to study Disraeli's character. He said afterwards that he was most struck by the more than Indian stoicism which Disraeli showed. To this there was one exception. 'Like all men of his race,' he has one sign of emotion which never fails to show itself—the movement of the leg that is crossed over the other, and of the foot!' The person who told me this had never heard me hint, nor had anyone, that I had observed this peculiar symptom on the earlier occasion to which I have referred."

Statesmen of Jewish descent, with a reputation for stoicism to preserve would do well to learn from this story not to swing their crossed leg when tired. The great want about Mr. Disraeli is something to hang the countless anecdotes about him upon. Most remarkable men have some predominant feature of character round which you can build your general conception of them, or at all events there has been some great incident in their lives for ever connected with their names, and your imagination mixes the man and the event together. Who can think of Peel without remembering the Corn Laws and the reverberating sentence: "I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who from less honourable motives clamours for Protection because it conduces to his own individual benefit, but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abode of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread with the sweat of their brow when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." But round what are our memories of Disraeli to cluster? Sir William Fraser speaks rapturously of his wondrous mind and of his intellect, but where is posterity to look for evidences of either? Certainly not in Sir William's book, which shows us a wearied wit and nothing more. Carlyle once asked, "How long will John Bull permit this absurd monkey," meaning Mr. Disraeli, "to dance upon his stomach?" The question was coarsely put, but there is nothing in Sir William's book to make one wonder it should have been asked. Mr. Disraeli lived to offer Carlyle the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and that, in Sir William's opinion, is enough to dispose of Carlyle's vituperation; but, after all, the Grand Cross is no answer to anything except an application for it.

A great many other people are made to cross Sir William Fraser's stage. His comments upon them are lively, independent, and original. He liked Cobden and hated Bright. The reason for this he makes quite plain. He thinks he detected in Cobden a deprecatory manner—a recognition of the sublime truth that he, Richard Cobden, had not been half so well educated as the mob of Tories he was addressing. Bright, on the other hand, was fat and rude, and thought that most country gentlemen and town-bred wits were either fools or fribbles. This was intolerable. Here was a man who not only could not have belonged to the "world," but honestly did not wish to, and was persuaded, the gross fellow, that he and his world were better in every respect than the exclusive circles which listened to Sir William Fraser's *bon mots* and tags from the poets. Certainly there was nothing deprecatory about John Bright. He could be quite as insolent in his way as any aristocrat in his. He had a habit, we are told, of slowly getting up and walking out of the House in the middle of Mr. Disraeli's speeches, and just when that ingenious orator was leading up to a carefully prepared point, and then immediately returning behind the Speaker's chair. If this is true, it was perhaps rude, but nobody can deny that it is a Tory dodge of indicating disdain. What was really irritating about Mr. Bright was that his disdain was genuine. He did think very little of the Tory party, and he did not care one straw for the opinion of society. He positively would not have cared to have been made a baronet. Sir William Fraser seems to have been really fond of Disraeli, and the very last time he met his great man in the Carlton Club he told him a story too broad to be printed. The great man pronounced it admirable, and passed on his weary way.

NEW LITERARY FACTORS.

Being the Rough Draft of a Letter to "The Times."

CHUT! I am Ouida, and Great Pan is dead—or is it Queen Anne? The tambourine-players passed down the street beneath the lilacs, an hour ago, twirling and shouting the news *gorge au vent*: but it is so hard to distinguish sounds up here, in this topmost corner of the grey house, close against the sky. I have been thinking, thinking, here amongst my lay-figures: but my head wanders at times. It seems that some one is dead—gone to swell the majority which the old, tired Mantuan declared innumerable—"*Haud facilis census Averni.*" One of these days I, too, shall go—I, Ouida. Then, if you ask any grace for me, ask only this—that they throw my body into Westminster Abbey, and cover it. A little thing? But see here!—let it be under *two* flags.

Corpo di Bacco! Come in—you are the Editor of *The Times*, I believe—the Thunderer, *Jupiter Tonens*. There is no necessity to be shy, That infant squalling in the corner is young Kipling. I whipped him and put him there for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them. He has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar. So I whipped him—that is my downright way. For the rest, they are but lay-figures, six little wooden lay-figures, and each an officer in Her Majesty's Household Troops. Therefore, as I say, you need not be shy: for I winna', canna', manna', shanna', Buckle too, and they know it. *Peste!* Here, in the twilights we have grown to understand each other, I and my lay-figures, *moi et mes mannequins*.

You would know how it happened? It is very simple. Gazing out across my window-boxes over the old, brown, weary city, I saw three men in a boat—not to mention the dog, *bien entendu*, for I wrote about him when the muzzling-order was issued. Was it to *The Times* or *The Standard?* Ah! you have me there, *vous m'avez là;* for I am tired, tired. These three men were all in the same boat, and the middleman was in the middle. Yet the man in the bows was a middleman, and he who sat in the stern-sheets and cried "*Thalassis, thalassis!*" was a middleman also. How was this?—I wish you would stop shuffling about in that chair.

Le donnez-vous en haut? You give it up? Yet it is easy: they were all middlemen, for they all belonged to the middle-class. The first was a publisher, the second a circulating librarian, and the third a literary agent charging *ten per cent.* I clapped my hands. My six albino secretaries threw back the *portière*, and each was differently scented; for one must live, you understand. Otherwise, *cui bono?* I said, "On the river, the grey, wet, cruel river, I have seen a boat passing, passing. Take six hansom cabs and let there be no mystery about them: drive to the river bank, and bring me the man who cries '*Thalassis, thalassis!*' and charges ten per cent."

So they brought him to me, in the gathering shadows, and set him with his back to the Dictionary of Quotations in Common Use. It was a fair fight. To-morrow they will lay me in Westminster Abbey, so why should I lie to you?

I said, "O you of the middle-class, I understand your usefulness. You give my heroes credit, and paint the bits of their horses with opium, so that they stagger in mid-course and lose the Grand National at Baden-Baden; you lift the fainting

paysanne from your doorstep, and feed her, and scour her two little wooden shoes for her, and send her forward to the inevitable *dénoûment* in the wicked, hungry city: you start back in quivering terror and allow the casual aristocrat to fling himself full in front of the runaway horses, not to mention the pole, and save the Odalisque-like occupant of the carriage. But why do you collar ten per cent. of the takings?"

He blinked at me from his bleared, red, sly, bad eyes and muttered "Syndicates." That was all. You will throw my body into Westminster Abbey—won't you? And—mind you—I would like this to be buried with me. I cannot quite tell if it's a branch of lilac, or a dog of Flanders, or a Provence rose; but you will be able to see it when it dawns. It doesn't much matter—*omne ignotum pro magnificat*, as the old blind poet sang.

It was a fair fight. That much I know.

Beyond my window-boxes the sparrows were twittering. He was uneasy. I said, "Oh, Lud, what a sickening state of things! The public is uneducated, and won't read Bulwer Lytton; it has no intellectual palate. Authors—that even I should call 'em so—turn out the most unspeakable trash in volumes which the circulating-library clerks call 'box-stuffers;' and you, sir, are a considerable menace to the small modicum of artistic excellence which remains still extant in English fiction. You 'place' their productions for them, and they give you ten per cent. Yet you do nothing which the author cannot just as well do by himself, or by his secretaries."

And, with his back to the brown, worn dictionary, he answered me between his clenched fists, "There are some authors who have no secretaries."

But I was fierce, and broke in with "A truce to pleasantries!" For that was how they talked in the last days of Pompeii, ere the great Pan was dead, and before men sold their books for money. "Do you not see," I continued, "that you are the third middleman between the literary artist and his public? First, there is the publisher, and he is bad; secondly, the circulating librarian, who is worse; and now you, the literary agent, make the third. You are all in one boat. You intercept the money which should come straight to the author, who doesn't care for it: for the question of pounds, shillings, and pence must always chafe and jar when brought into connection with the children of thought."

But he saw not the argument. And, therefore, in the silver moonlight between the window-boxes and the passionless lay-figures I gave him his *testamur*, or his *congé d'élire*, or his *quietus*—I forget which. But it was something decisive and foreign.

Why do I tell you this?

Because you are the editor of the *Times*, and nobody knows how to write, in these days. When the great Pan revelled with the little Pans in the shady thickets of Cithæron, it was otherwise. At least, I believe so. The poet went forth and mused "How shall I write down the great thoughts stirring within me?" And he met a little boy, and the little boy showed the way, *puer viam monstravit*. But now, should he want to know the way, he must ask a policeman. And the policeman directs him to the literary agent, who, on this hotbed of ignorance and over-production and immature and unworthy effort, comes up like a mushroom and flourishes like a toadstool.

But what if he came up like a toadstool and flourished like a mushroom?

I don't know. I have killed him, and disposed of the body—but not for lucre, mind you; for the question of pounds, shillings, and pence must always chafe and jar when brought into connection with the children of thought. Did I say that before? It is possible. For my poor little head aches at times, up here beside the sky. Far down under the lilacs, the circulating boys run always, and my tears drip upon their boyish upturned faces as my brow sinks towards the sweet loam of the window-boxes, and I wail "Shall it be so for ever? *Quotusquisque, Domine—Quotusquisque, Domine?*"

Kipling, come out of the corner and open the door for the gentleman.

PIERRE LOTI.

THE French Academy of Letters has never more clearly shown that it is a Salon first and only secondly an institution representative of French literature, than by the result of its last election. Having to choose between Emile Zola and Pierre Loti, it chose the latter. To the working man of letters, with his heroic past, his immense production, and universal popularity, it preferred the elegant dilettante, the joy of the literary salons of Paris in general and that of Madame Adam in particular, Pierre Loti, who has never approached literature otherwise than as an amateur, for pastime only. And it is, professedly, to his dilettantism and his eclecticism that Pierre Loti owes the favour that the Academy has bestowed upon him. Zola was held too public, too general, too eloquent about things which are not current topics in good society; the elegant thirty-nine shrunk from calling to their table one who must present himself in the proletarian blouse, stained with the mud of the streets and the fields, and the soilings of the coal-pit. His exclusion is being bitterly criticised in Paris. Some writers have gone so far as to assert that it is on the part of the French Academy of Letters a wilful act of *felo de se*.

However that may be, it cannot be denied that there are some who, on the other hand, rejoice at the honour which has been paid to the poetical novel as opposed to the realistic. The admirers of Pierre Loti, as compared to those of the chief of the realists, are in a great minority, but their admiration is an ardent one. Pierre Loti came at a time when Paris was satiated with the literature of the sordid uglinesses of modern life, for, though "Germinal" and "La Terre" had not yet been written, "L'Assommoir" had before then reached its hundredth edition. It was like the arrival in the gloomy and quadrilateral market place of some smoke-overhung town in the English Black Country of a hawker with a van gay with gaudy and exotic trinkets, bright shells from the sea-side, strange and glittering bric-à-brac, bright fans of coloured paper with fanciful designs—his popularity being assured forthwith by the very relief and contrast of his unusual wares. Pierre Loti is a sailor, and it was during the long vigils on quarter-deck in tropical nights that he became a writer. With such conception his work could not but be marked with individuality, mysticism, and the vague poetry that is in the air of the high seas. He reads little, and is of a most reserved nature, for he maintains his individuality, and is timid to excess of any influence which shall modify not only his vision of the things he depicts, but his manner of expression. This individuality cannot be denied. He is in that respect the most original of French writers. He sees things as none other sees them, and describes them in a language which is in turns naïve and subtle, simple and precious, coloured as tropical things are coloured, and pale as a mist over the wilds of Brittany.

Strangely, and by what seems, as one sees it to-day after his election over the head of the great realist, an act of the irony of fate, it was by a paper of almost absolute realism that Lieutenant Julien Viaud first drew general attention to himself as a writer. This was a contribution to the *Figaro* in 1883 of an account of the Tonkin expedition, so graphic in its ugly details of the hideousness of war that it brought down upon him the anger of his superiors. He was placed on half-pay for twelve months, and he utilised his enforced leisure in writing his novel "Mon Frère Yves," the first of his characteristic successes. It was then remembered that several books bore the name of the young lieutenant

about whom so much talk was being made—"Azadé," "Rarahu: Idylle Polynésienne" (afterwards reprinted as "Le Mariage de Loti"), the "Roman d'un Spahi," and "Fleurs d'Ennui"—and the large public began to read what till then the select few alone had enjoyed. The richly-coloured style, the glitter and the warmth of the *scenario*, the vague mysticisms of the sea and of the Far East, delighted a people tired of jaundiced *aperçus* on their own backyards. Madame Adam proclaimed him; the ladies of Paris dubbed him their author-laureate. In "Mon Frère Yves," which came when Paris was waiting for it, Pierre Loti showed that he could draw as powerful effects from the grey mists of Brittany as from the tropical blues of Annam. Encouraged by the result, he continued his Breton studies, turned his back awhile upon the East, and in 1886 gave us "Pêcheur d'Islande," which is recognised as his *chef d'œuvre*. In name a novel, it is in reality an exceptional piece of impressionist pen-painting, as distinct from what is usually styled a novel as a Degas or a Cazin is from a Bouguereau or a Meissonier. It is the story of the loves of Yan the fisherman, and Gaud the peasant lass. Yan and Gaud become affianced at the village *Pardon*, and are married. On the morrow of the wedding, Yan the fisherman leaves his wife for the sea. He does not return, and Gaud dies for sorrow of him. Story there is none, nor plot; and there never were fishermen nor peasant lasses so ingenuous. But they are such as one would like them to be; and our sympathies are all with them as they move in a scene upon which we look through the warm and poetical temperament of a great pen-impressionist. Pierre Loti showed a new Brittany and a new seaboard, just as De Nittis showed a new Paris, and Whistler a new Thames. It was a revelation. Those that accepted the revelation and took delight in it are applauding the consecration which the Academy has bestowed on its author.

Returning to his coloured East, Loti was less successful. His "Madame Chrysanthème," which was published in the following year, and his "Japoneries d'Automne," which appeared two years ago, have been regretted by his warmest admirers. Perhaps the public interest in Oriental themes was not so great as it was at the time when all France was looking Eastward, perhaps it was found less skilful to paint in warm colours what is all warm-coloured. It may be that a gorgeously interpreted East, after an interpretation of Brittany as gorgeous, was regarded as an anti-climax.

LES CHAMPS DE MARS.

THE description of the Salon that appeared in these columns was written after a first walk through the galleries. A second visit has only accentuated my impression of the worthlessness of the French work, and convinced me that whatever pictures of artistic interest may be discovered are contributed by German, English, and American artists. A stranger visiting this Salon, and knowing nothing of the Champs de Mars, would of necessity conclude that French genius was dead. He would not fail to notice, too, that the old French sense of ridicule is declining, for anything more ridiculous it is hard to imagine than these poor tenth-rate painters decking each other out with medals—first, second, and third class, *mention honorable*, etc. So bad did the Salon seem to me that, on the occasion of my second visit, I asked many French painters to point out to me a first-rate work, so that I might praise it. My request was issued in vain. But is it astonishing that the Salon should prove to be atrociously vulgar and middle-class? The cause of its decadence has been explained. It represents no interest except the commercial interests of Julian's studios; therefore all who had respect for themselves and their art have migrated to the Champs de Mars, and there you will find some French genius and a great deal of French talent.

In the exhibition of the Champs de Mars French genius is represented by three decorative panels by Puvis de Chavannes. And while looking on these great and grey solemnities I am puzzled, and I ask myself how a man whom I know, who dines at the *Maison Dorée*, who lives at 11, Place Pigale, and takes the tram every day to go to his studio at Neuilly, can so entirely abstract himself from all sensation of modern life as to be able to realise in its very living intensity the golden age of the world. Evidently M. Puvis de Chavannes does not see the carriages in the street. I mean no reproach; I am merely astonished. Turning to my notes, I find this: An immense canvas covering one end of the gallery; in the middle a vacant space, which indicates that the decoration is intended to enclose a doorway. The foreground is occupied by nude figures bathing or going to bathe; on the right they are larger than life. These figures are drawn in rough lines somewhat summarily, and painted in morose greys. Behind the island on which they stand the blue river seems more blue than ever water was, and in mid-stream there is a boat, and in that boat a woman sits; a man in the prow throws a net. Along the banks of the river poplars raise their tranquil slendernesses upon a sky full of vast Arcadian tranquillity. Through the shuddering yellow and grey-greens of the poplars is seen a pale purple mountain; further to the right a spreading wood, painted in dark sullen greens. The middle of the picture is a beautiful meadow, and there is there a dreamful hay-wain, and about it dreamful figures. Never did the world know such serenity before—an impression of immutable serenity, of everlasting youth and peace.

But if Puvis de Chavannes represents well the genius of the Latin race, Mr. Whistler represents even better that of the Anglo-Saxon. He exhibits a portrait and a sea-scape. Both are beautiful, but I prefer the portrait. A young woman dressed in dark green stands, her back turned to the spectator, lifting high in the air the pallor of her profile and her pale hair. The profile is clearly cut upon the dark background. It is impossible to describe the exquisite poise of that head and the subtle modelling of that face—no vulgar roundness, apparently only one tint; but that characteristic tint is so insensibly graduated that it catches and lifts every form into the necessary relief. And that blonde hair, twisted about the beautifully shaped head, how well it takes its place in the p'cture! And that unbuttoned jacket, how well it hangs on the shoulders! It hangs so well that it suggests the exact movement of taking it off. Her arm lies by her side, and she holds a large brown hat. How well she holds it, and how beautifully it is painted; with what perfect eloquence every texture is rendered!—the feather, the felt, the dress. I know not what to compare it to, unless, perhaps, to a sonata of Beethoven's played by the composer. Between such painting and any of modern painting there is no comparison. Mr. Whistler knows how to simplify; M. Puvis de Chavannes is often only rudimentary. A portrait by Mr. John Sargent hangs in the same room. You are struck by a vividness of perception, by a facile touch; you admire it until you see the Whistler. After the subtle classical dignity of the modelling of that pale profile, you cannot bear with the tawdry and loose modelling of Mr. Sargent's little boy, which, nevertheless, is one of the finest things in the exhibition. Mr. Whistler's portrait would hold its own next to the finest Gainsborough—even a Velasquez would not, could not, overshadow such exquisite art. But marvellous as is this painting, it is not nearly so marvellous as the stupidity which has brayed about this painter for the last twenty years. Is it not a fact that Mr. Ruskin failed to recognise any genius or even any talent in Mr. Whistler's work? Of the sea-scape I should like to speak, but space is wanting, and I must pass on to Mr.

Alfred Stevens, who exhibits at least two pictures that will be admired as long as there are people in the world capable of distinguishing good painting from bad. Those, however, who demand from the painter anecdotes, dramatic or pathetic, and those who love the drooping eyelid that guarantees the sale of thousands of engravings in America, may be advised to pass on and waste no time upon the little portrait of the boy in the red arm-chair. Only those who are capable of appreciating the almost physical pleasure that emanates from rich and rare tones, only those who can relish the inexpressible charm inherent in a brushful of rich colour applied by a hand that feels every texture instinctively, should stay to study this exquisite little picture. Their eyes will hungrily feed upon the touch that made the light hair live upon the red chair, and they will understand the penetrating charm of that bit of grey-green background above the chair; their innermost sense will tingle with delight when they look on the bright illusive touch with which the crimson of the necktie is worked into harmony with the bright greys of the coat. A floating thought will whisper that this rich painting is a little old-fashioned, but the thought does not abide; more abiding is the thought which says the drawing is loose and somewhat common. And the same thought will pursue the critic when he looks on the woman in the yellow dress. Was yellow ever so well painted before? She leans across a table, shading her face with her fan. Her arms and neck are bare. The table-cloth is brown-grey and peacock-blue; a yellow picture-frame, with a blue sky showing, stands behind her red hair; the background is dark green. Impossible to imagine anything more beautifully painted or drawn more slovenly. Ah! if this painter had only drawn with some distinguishing strength and feeling, he would have been as great an artist as Terburg. See that face—it is all in shadow (the light is concentrated on the yellow dress)—and tell me if eyes ever looked out of shadow more exquisitely? And those lips, do they not move? is not their colour alive? But the contour of that face is always undetermined. It hardly holds the features! Has that wrist any of the sinewy evanescent delicacy of nature? That yellow dress, so bright and beautiful, does it hold a human form? Can you find the thighs, the knees? And yet, with all its shortcomings, that picture must be an inestimable pleasure to its fortunate owner.

One of the successes of the exhibition is M. Dagnau-Bouveret's picture entitled "Les Conscrits," and the treatment is so original that nowhere is there a trace of the vulgarity we expect to find in such subjects. The peasant boys march in a line. There are five; they wear blue blouses, and the painter has contrived some skilful harmonies in blue and purple. They are preceded by a boy carrying a tri-coloured flag; the flag passes out of the picture, above the tiled roof which fills the entire background. The blue of the flag repeats in a higher key the blue of the blouses; the white brings light into the picture; the red, which falls about the boys' shoulders, is a high note of colour; and for an exquisite note nothing is wanted but the dun-coloured drum which the boy beats. This description should give an idea of the science with which the palette is composed; and when I have said that there are two heads excellently well observed, and that the entire character of each is fully rendered, I have said all I can say in praise of a picture which everyone lauds. And now, speaking for myself, I say that the picture is good, but I doubt if it is nearly as good as people think it is. All the values are wrong. I mean, by values, the amount of dark and light a colour contains after the colouring matter has been abstracted, supposing such abstraction were possible. Well, then, if we look upon the blouses, the flag, and the tiled roof, merely from the point of view of colour, they hold together very well indeed; but when looked at as so much dark and light, we find that the painter has not studied them from that side—in a word, he has solved only half the artistic problem. Everything in his picture is in the same plane—the tiled roof sticks to the flag; the faces are, atmospherically considered, like king, queen, and knave in a pack of cards. The picture is, therefore, wanting in charm and in mystery. The handling is affected, and, in quality of paint, hardly more interesting than a sheet of brown paper.

In the immediate neighbourhood I noticed a charming portrait of M. Renan by Ary Renan. The great writer sits in his library, and the bookshelves are painted in gay tints skilfully harmonised. Roll exhibits a number of pictures, the best of which is an admiral. The light is that of out of doors, and without one determining light or shadow the face is modelled, and an astonishing illusion of real life is attained. This painter, above all others, attaches importance to *le plein air*. I do not hold, as my readers have already perceived, with this æstheticism. "Give us the real sun," cry the disciples of *le plein air;* but I fail to see how we can get rid of every convention in an art which is all convention; and by pursuing his theory to the very end, as he does, M. Roll arrives, as he must arrive, at a sheet of Japanese paper. For instance, in the picture of two nude figures lying in the sunlight, there is hardly anything but high lights. The back of the woman with the sunlight upon it is the highest note in the palette below pure white, and between this shining flesh and the pale green of the sun-smitten leaves there is very little difference. I do not deny that this was just what the painter saw, but I do say that pictures painted in this intention can have neither depth nor distance, and, however great the talent of the painter, they must remain *à fleur de toile*, a drawing done on a sheet of white paper and slightly tinted.

M. Jacques Blanche exhibits thirteen portraits—half-lengths and full-lengths, and all life-size! I understand very well that the material necessities of life may force a painter to produce rapidly, but I do not understand why a painter, even if he is compelled to work under such disadvantageous circumstances, should exhibit all he does; and I am sure that the exhibition of so much work must be harmful, even if the painter were Velasquez himself. Among the thirteen portraits there are at least two of first-rate power and quality—the portrait of the painter's mother, and the portrait of a blonde Englishman. The others vary in power of charm and intensity of characterisation; and though few sink below a certain honourable level, I cannot help regretting that the painter did not think fit to exhibit only his best work.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

AT Drury Lane the other evening my attention was frequently diverted from the performance of *Formosa* on the stage by the performance of a fair neighbour in the stalls. Fair she was in the conventional sense only, for she was of homely features, straight-waisted, and angular; but there was an engaging frankness in her clear blue eyes as she asked me "to loan her a lead-pencil," and a delectable air of business about the way in which she steadily fell to blackening several sheets of paper with the loan. But even a business-like maiden is at the mercy of a tailor-made pocket; and when my neighbour left the theatre at the end of the play, I found her MS. at my feet. My first impulse, as a man, was to post it to the address it contained, but a journalist has no right to be merely human. For him the first rule of conduct is—when you see a piece of "copy," steal it. For my own part, I can never understand why the little huckster who stole his brooms ready-made was not included among Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help" heroes. Besides, the maiden forgot to return my lead-pencil. I have, therefore, determined to print her MS.:—

FROM MISS MIRANDA HOPE, IN LONDON, TO MRS. ABRAHAM C. HOPE, AT BANGOR, MAINE.

May 26th, 1891.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I was real mad, when I landed on this side, to find I had just missed the Boat Race. Ever since William Platt took me to see that lovely Greek play at Harvard, I have been right-down curious to see the English collegians. You remember William D. Howells says they are like young Greek gods. Well, it was a real providence that made the manager of Drury Lane—which is called here in the advertisements the National Theater—think of reviving *Formosa*, because that play is all about the Boatrace and Oxford College, and the young Greek gods who belong out there. So I felt like just having to see it. Dear mother, I do *admire* to come to the National Theater. Garrick and Mrs. Sarah Siddons and William C. Macready all played here. They don't play here now—of course, you remember, they are dead; but their names are fixed up all round, and make a lovely show. I feel I am getting European culture here. And that lecturer at the Bangor Museum last fall who said that the English had not found Art was all wrong. Why, they are just crowded with it! They have made the head of their National Theater, Augustus G. Harris, sheriff, because of his services to Art! But I must tell you about the play. They have called it *Formosa*, because, in Latin, that means real *lovely*. The young men from Oxford College come on in the first scene. They are not fixed up like the young Greek gods in the plaster casts at the Bangor Museum. They wear blue flannel vests and nice clean white pants, and one of them is played by a girl! My! It is real interesting to see how they always wear these blue vests and clean white pants, in the rooms of their tutors (whom they call, with boyish familiarity, "dear old dons") and in the saloons of the British aristocracy. All the others, the common people who do not belong to the boat's crew, wear evening dress, if males; and diamonds, if females. And they have a prize-fighter on the stage, just like John L. Sullivan on your side. The prize-fighter is employed in teaching the young Greek gods how to row. When they are not rowing in their boat, they all sit astride a bench and pretend to row, singing in chorus, while their leader takes the solo part. Then they all drink beer (don't tell William Platt this, or he will vote to repeal our Maine law) out of milk-cans. By-and-by the Oxford collegians, still in their blue vests and white pants, leave their tutor's manse and come to Formosa's villa at Fulham, where the Bishop of London lives. Formosa gives a most elegant party, but the Bishop is not invited, because Formosa—the program only gives her first name—is heterodox in her opinions. In fact, she is quite a vicious woman—a sort of Aspasia, I fancy, only not so literary. Though she never seems to go to Sabbath meeting, she has lots of young men waiting for her, as William Platt would call it; but I don't think they mean honourable. I don't quite understand this part of the piece; it is real difficult, dear mother, to get European culture all at once. Anyway, the leader of the Oxford collegians (called "stroke," but a stroke-leader is not the same as a strike-leader—I will explain this next mail) is a very unsteady young man. He drinks all day (I am right-down glad William Platt can't do that in Maine) and plays euchre all night, and, I am sorry to say too, kisses Formosa in public. All this is what Oxford collegians, in their boating language, call "strict training." Fancy what a lot of trouble the author of the play, Mr. Dion Boucicault, must have taken to find out all these facts about the science of rowing. Towards the end of the play I began to fear that I should not see how the Boat Race is rowed after all; for the stroke-leader loses all his dollars at euchre, and the sheriff (not Mr. Augustus G. Harris, but another) comes to take him to the State Prison. But, luckily, his companions in the blue vests and white pants enter Formosa's parlor, where he is awaiting his trial, and rescue him from the police, so that the race takes place on time. Thanks to the strict training I have described, the stroke-leader wins, and the Oxford crew shake hands with the people in the crowd, hoodlums and all. Class distinctions are dying out in England, dear mother. But the reverence for authority is still as great as ever, for when the play was over the audience would not go away until Sheriff Augustus G. Harris had come forward to deliver an elegant oration.

I don't know much about the actors and actresses in the play, but they must all be real celebrated performers, because they have been promoted to the National Theater; and I suppose the only reason their names are not fixed up on the ceiling along with Garrick's and William C. Macready's is because they are not dead yet. The people in the pit and gallery treated what must be the flower of English acting very disrespectfully I thought—laughing at one of the players, a Mr. Harry Nicholls, before he opened his mouth, and even hissing two hard-working gentlemen who were the villains of the play. I do think it high-toned of the Sheriff not to have had them at once expelled.

My money is lasting out very well, dearest mother. I don't need to go to Oxford now that I have seen what it is really like from Mr. Boucicault's play; and I guess I shan't pay for any more theater programs. Up to now they have cost me ten cents apiece, but I noticed that the young man in the next fauteuil to mine whispered "Press" to the attendant, and got his program for nothing. So I mean to whisper "Press," too, in future. Did I not contribute a column of "Yearnings for European Culture" to the *Bangor Independent* last fall? The Press in this country is allowed to do most anything. The young man next me slept through two acts of the play, and snored as loud as William Platt at Evening Meeting; and nobody dared to——

But here, as the young lady's remarks are getting personal, I break off. Somehow, her name sounds familiar to me. Can this be the same Miranda Hope, a selection from whose correspondence has already been published by Mr. Henry James? If so, I feel that she has degenerated under the influence of European culture; at any rate, I fear Mr. James may complain with justice that she has lost the purity of her American idiom.

A. B. W.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XL.—THE FIRST EDITION.

THE Rambler's directions to his housekeeper are to knock him at nine a.m. sharp, then at nine-thirty sharp, then at ten sharp, then at brief intervals, and to have breakfast ready the moment he comes downstairs—for he hates to be kept waiting.

Her knocks are either so low that he feels justified in disregarding them, or so loud as to make him rebel, and what usually drags him out of bed is a boy shouting the halfpenny evening papers, third edition. He dresses to the music of that boy's voice, and breakfasts to it, and reads his *Times* to it (for he will not be cheated out of his morning by any boy), and of late he has been wondering why, when it is not the third edition, it is the fourth. Reflecting on the subject, the Rambler could not remember that he had ever seen the first edition of a halfpenny evening paper.

He ordered a first edition to be sent to him every day for a week, and a third edition came. His housekeeper was requested to tell the boy that first editions were wanted. The boy explained that

he did not begin his round with the evening papers until nine a.m., and therefore had no first editions. Questioned as to whether he had ever seen a first edition, he said he had once seen a man shoot himself in Holborn.

The Rambler has several friends afflicted with the disease called First Editions. He is much more interested in seeing sixth editions than first editions of his own works, but they are not; so he called on them and asked if they possessed any first editions of the halfpenny evening papers. They pooh-poohed him at first, pointing out that such first editions must be common. Pushed into a corner, however, they had to admit that they could not swear to ever having seen a first edition. "But it is to be got, of course," they said; "you must rise early, that is all."

The Rambler rose early, without giving his housekeeper warning, and, to his indignation, found no breakfast ready. He hurried at once to Oxford Circus, where boys sell the papers at all hours on lawful days (that is to say, except on Bank Holidays, when they run across to Paris), and there he got a second edition. "Third will be here in a minute," the boys said. "But I particularly wanted a first," the Rambler explained. "'Ere's the carts coming with the third," they answered. The Rambler tried the man on the cart. "Ever have a first edition?" he replied thoughtfully. "No, sir, I begin with the third." "Have you ever seen a first edition?" persisted the Rambler. "I ain't been more'n a eighteen months on this job," the man replied apologetically, and drove off.

Into the office of a halfpenny evening paper the Rambler penetrated, followed by a score of boys, all offering the third edition.

"Can you give me a first edition of to-day's issue?" he asked of a clerk.

"I can give you something better—a third edition," the clerk replied.

"But I want a first edition."

"All sold out, sir."

"Then give me a first edition of yesterday's issue."

"Here are yesterday's extra special, second extra special, fifth, fourth, third, second, sir, but I have no first left."

"Was there a first?"

The man reflected. "Of course, there must have been," he said, "or how could there be a second?"

"Did you see it?"

"I don't come till the second is pulled, sir."

"Who pulls the first?"

"I don't know, sir. Will you have this third?"

"You have no first editions of any issue of the paper?"

"All sold out, sir."

The Rambler communicated the result of his investigation to the collectors of first editions of books, and they still pretended that they could get first editions of the halfpenny evening papers quite easily. But thus they seem to have spoken merely to deceive each other, for shortly afterwards the Rambler saw "X.Y.Z.," "Anon.," and "Curiosity" advertising for what he himself wanted, and he guessed that they were the collectors. He forced them to a confession, but not to showing him a first edition, for all their advertisements were fruitless. "Early Bird" wrote to X.Y.Z., saying he once had possessed such a treasure, but had unfortunately destroyed it. "Influenza" wrote to Anon. that he knew a man at Wimbledon who had what was wanted, but could not remember his name, and rather thought he had emigrated. "Curiosity," who had given his address, was waited on by a hundred and sixty-six persons, all of them offering torn papers, the part missing being, in every case, that on which the number of the edition is printed.

It is very curious.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DERBY.

ON Tuesday night the coming event seemed to have cast its shadow on most conversations. It met me in the restaurant; it pursued me out into the light drizzle of rain that fell on Waterloo Bridge; it got into the train for Epsom with me. "I believe in 'Old Boots,'" said one man simply, and the discussion began. It grew rapid, and discursive, and vehement. No one had time to finish any of his sentences. There was heavy indignation: "And I was at Bow Street myself, sir; and I tell you, sir, that a more flagrant case of perjury—well, I may say—." There was vindictive satire, just a little the worse for liquor: "You called yourself a bookmaker, and what I says is, where's your diplomer? You don't know what I mean? No; but *I* know what I mean; and what's more, I appeal to that gentleman, and I awsk him. You come 'ere, and you sit 'ere, and—bah!" There was a little dusty man, smoking a clay pipe that seemed too long, who attempted remonstrance. "There, there, there. When you're in a railway-carriage, why cawnt yer be'ave as such? There's no sense in—well, not to my way of thinkin'." "'Perjury' was the word I used," began the first speaker once more, in a voice like a blend of thunder and fruity port.

The wet weather, I found on arriving at Epsom, had at least this good effect: Epsom was very much quieter than it generally is on this night. The closing-hour of the public-houses was at hand, and yet there was practically no disturbance. There seemed to be very few people on the road up to the downs. The sky was one level tint of dark grey, the sweep of open country was just a shade darker; at a little distance the trees looked as if they had been cut out of black cardboard and stuck on; they were really shockingly conventional. There was enough starlight to show one the big cemetery on the left hand side of the road, and further on the high wall on the other side with the trees growing blackly above it. The shadows were very dark under this wall. All was perfectly still. I heard nothing but the sound of my own footsteps, until quite suddenly one of the dark shadows spoke. It was a woman's voice and I only caught two words of what she said, and neither of them could by any possibility be printed. The deep voice of a man answered her, and consigned her to "another place," if one may borrow a euphemism. It was hardly the weather in which one would have expected to find a woman sleeping on the grass in the open.

On the downs there was not enough light at present to enable one to distinguish objects clearly. Yet as one stood on the high ground the scene was fairly picturesque; there were red coke fires, dotting the darkness here and there; there were black masses that took the forms of tents and caravans as one came near them. Nobody here seemed to be sleeping; in every tent talk was still going on. A stray dog came up to me and was very friendly. A woman cursed me at considerable length, and for no particular reason. I stumbled over a taut rope, and something dark got up and moved slowly away in the form of a horse. In the direction of Chalk Lane I heard indistinctly the tinkle of sheep-bells. All these absolutely trivial things seem of immense importance when one is wandering about alone at midnight in a strange place. Standing all by itself, I found a mechanical piano; I struck a match to look at it, and read the printed notice on it: "Kind friends, I am unfortunate, My eyesight was—etc." Yes, it was the open country, and a starry night; but the trail of a Whitechapel noon was over it all. There was something attractive in the contrast. I felt a mad impulse to turn the handle of that organ; but I knew that it would only get me disliked; and I feared that the resultant tune might be "Annie Rooney," which I could not have borne. Some distance away I came across a group of men gathered round a brightly blazing fire. They were

talking, but their conversation dropped as if it had been poleaxed when I drew near. They looked at me curiously, in silence. They were not pleasant in appearance; I was horribly afraid of them, and moved away. I had flattered myself that I looked worth robbing.

Then I thought that I would get back to the town, and see what was going on there. I had gone a little way down the road when I encountered two other tramps, who desired to know if there was any chance of getting shelter up on the downs. "Lord love yer!" one of them said, "they won't take yer in nowheres down in the town—not even in the work'us—not for love or money." "And the cold it is crule!" said the other. Further on under the light of the street-lamp, I saw an itinerant minstrel, with tall hat, face blacked, an exaggerated collar, and pink and white striped trousers. He also was going up to the downs, on the chance of finding some shelter there.

There can be no doubt that there were far fewer people on the downs than is usual on the night before the Derby; but the hotels and lodging-houses were packed. In the bars of the public-houses men were sleeping on the bare floor, and paid fourpence a night to be allowed to do it. The benches outside one public-house were fully occupied. I went with the police-sergeant and one of his men to inspect a railway arch which on a fine, warm night would have been crowded. On Tuesday night there were not many more than a dozen. They were all huddled together round a fire at the further end of the dark archway. They were mostly men, but there were women and children as well. "It's all right, sir," said one of the men. "We'll keep quiet. An' we ain't doin' no 'arm. We 'ad a fire 'ere lawst year." The flash of the lantern fell on an old perambulator, laden with a curious collection of things, an old carpet bag, a bundle of clothes, a biscuit-tin. On the top was something which looked like a small parcel covered up with a shawl. "What's this?" was the question. A feeble-looking man said that it was "a byeby." It was hard to understand how anybody could be so absolutely murderous. The man pleaded that he had been refused at the workhouse. However, he was sent back there with the baby. "And tell 'em I sent you."

The baby's mother and sister had to go too. The sister was herself little more than a baby, and was asleep in a corner near the fire with her shoes and stockings off. She screamed when she was woken up, and screamed worse when her stockings were being put on—her feet were sore. At last she was packed on the perambulator, and vanished howling. The rest were allowed to remain on condition of good behaviour. Outside in the street a big fellow who had been "moved on" was soliloquising bitterly: "'Appy Epsim! Bewtiful town of Epsim! Every year fur forty years I've bin 'ere. An' yer mayn't sit down, an' yer mayn't sleep. Oh, it's a bewtiful place, is Epsim!" "Go to the workhouse!" exclaimed one old woman. "No, sir, I came here to make a few shillings by selling cards—not to go to the workhouse." Her dignity was real and impressive.

I returned once more to the downs. This time I was accompanied. There was a great, yellow moon now, and one could see much better. A tent had been left open, and some thirty boys—mostly loafers—had taken possession of it. They were all turned out, "An' it was about time," said a shabby, withered old man who had been sleeping just outside the tent on a bed consisting of two newspapers and his own waistcoat, "for the language as they used were most disgustin'." He shook his head, with the air of superior morality.

It was dawn when I started to walk back again. Already the tramps from London were coming in, some with apparatus, stilts, trestles, baskets of fruit, and mechanical organs, others simply trusting to what they might make by touting for the horse-booths. In the fields on the left I heard the cuckoo calling.

THE WEEK.

THERE is a hitch with regard to English copyright with America. We do not believe that it is a serious one, inasmuch as its removal rests with the English Government, and they can hardly fail to respond to the unanimous demand of English authors. Under the existing English law (which has been habitually disregarded for years past) a foreign author must, at the time of the publication of a book for which he wishes to obtain an English copyright, reside on British territory. Unless this provision—formal and inoperative though it is—be forthwith repealed, no English author will derive a pennyworth of benefit from the recent American Copyright Act. To state the danger is, we trust, to ensure its removal.

WE must refer on a future occasion to the veritable treasure trove which is given to us in the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S letters to MR. WILLIAMS, the publisher's reader who first discovered the charm of "Jane Eyre," add nothing, it is true, to our knowledge of their gifted writer; but they are precious and delightful nevertheless—as everything from the pen of CHARLOTTE BRONTË must be. Some of the criticisms which have already been passed upon these fragments are evidently based upon an imperfect acquaintance with the facts; but at least it is satisfactory to know that under MISS BRONTË'S own hand we have a refutation of some of the curious reminiscences which have lately been published about her by people whose memories are clearly at fault.

ONE of the most amusing and least creditable features of the literature of the time is the ignorance of men of letters respecting their immediate predecessors, which affords but a dismal prospect of their own probable fate when they shall in turn have become subject for history. The reviewer of MRS. ORR'S "Life of Browning" in Wednesday's *Times* speaks of "a MR. FOX, the editor of an obscure periodical." We really think he might have known that the *Monthly Repository* numbered STUART MILL, HARRIET MARTINEAU, and CRABB ROBINSON among its contributors, and was the first critical organ to recognise TENNYSON as well as BROWNING; and might have identified *a* MR. FOX with *the* MR. FOX who drew up the manifesto of the Anti-Corn Law League, whose eloquence thrilled the country during the League agitation, who introduced the first Bill for the universal education of the people into the House of Commons, who wrote the first article in the *Westminster Review* and the first leader in the *Daily News*, and who was supposed to have much connection with the *Times* itself when the letters of "Amicus" were wrongly attributed to him.

MRS. OLIPHANT naturally takes THOMAS L. HARRIS, the victimiser of LAURENCE OLIPHANT, for an American, and much will be said and thought concerning the iniquities of American spiritualists. But not every spiritualist is a Yankee, any more than every Yankee is a spiritualist. We may blush, but may not refuse to own a countryman in MR. HARRIS, who is actually a fellow-townsman of the immortal SHAKESPEARE, having been born in Stratford-on-Avon in 1823.

WE understand that SIR CHARLES DILKE and MR. SPENSER WILKINSON are preparing in collaboration a popular work upon National and Imperial Defence, in which they will take stock of the Military and Naval needs of the Empire, of the existing Naval and Military resources available to meet them and of their cost, and will make suggestions for greater efficiency and economy. SIR CHARLES DILKE has

prepared himself for the treatment of this subject by his works on "The Present Position of European Politics," "The British Army," and "Problems of Greater Britain." MR. SPENSER WILKINSON, as the author of "Citizen Soldiers," can speak with knowledge of the more hopeful phases of Volunteer effort, while his "Brain of an Army" has been accepted in Germany as showing his familiarity with the best Continental system. MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. will publish the work.

DR. SMILES is engaged on a Life of JASMIN, "the greatest of troubadours past, present, and to come." Although JASMIN'S name is widely known, his works are not, even in France. Last year the most interesting event connected with the celebration of the Floral Games at Toulouse was the publication of a complete edition of his poems. With the exception, however, of the "Felibres" and "Cigaliers," the two Parisian troubadour societies, few people take the trouble to read them, as they are all written in Gascon.

JASMIN began life as a barber, and stropped his razor to the cadence of his verses; but his poetical invention, like the more mundane attempts of ARKWRIGHT, gave offence to his spouse. The wife of the English barber could vent her wrath on her husband's models; but as there were no wheels and cylinders for MADAME JASMIN to attack, her remonstrances were unable to take such a practical turn; and when she found that her husband's verses brought customers to the shop and money to the till, she ceased to think it advisable that he should confine his attention to the soap-brush and the curling tongs, and spurred him on to write as quickly as he could. His fame and fortune grew, and soon village after village decreed him a gilded crown or a golden palm, some communities adopting him formally as their child, and holding themselves responsible for his maintenance. It is twenty years since JASMIN died.

MESSRS. LAURENCE & BULLEN are to publish MR. MORLEY ROBERTS'S poems, not, as we announced some weeks ago, MR. EDWARD ARNOLD. The same firm will also issue a volume of travels by MR. ROBERTS, entitled "The Never-Never Land," the quaint name by which a certain part of Australia is known.

To the already numerous band of translators of IBSEN is now to be added the name of MR. WILLIAM WILSON. He has almost ready a version of *Brand*, which will be published by MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO., and MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & CO. are first in the field with selected lists of books for the forthcoming season, the former providing for the close of the scholastic year, and the latter for the holiday term. From MESSRS. LOW & CO.'s "Standard Books for Boys" and "Popular Books for Girls," it would not be difficult to please every variety of youthful taste; while for the grown-up holiday-makers MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & CO. supply a large number of novels and miscellaneous books in their well-known "Popular Library of Cheap Editions of Standard Works."

MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND'S delightful "Book Lover's Enchiridion" (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL) is now in its fourteenth thousand.

A SHORT life of CHARLES DARWIN, by CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, has been added to MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS' "Leaders in Science" series. Two other interesting biographies are published this week—"Richard Redgrave: a Memoir, compiled from his Diary" (CASSELL), by F. M. REDGRAVE; and "Sir John Franklin, and the North-West Passage" (PHILIP), by CAPTAIN ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM.

THE object which MR. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER had before him in writing "In a Conning Tower" (CASSELL) was to give a faithful idea of the possible course of an action between two modern ironclads availing themselves of all the weapons of offence and defence which an armoured ship at the present day possesses. This he has done in a popular form, introducing into the story of an actual engagement the results of a long course of careful observation of modern naval progress. The illustrations are by W. H. OVEREND.

THE fiction of the week includes, in three volumes, "St. Catherine by the Tower," by WALTER BESANT, "A Child Widow," by MRS. F. H. WILLIAMSON" (both published by MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS), and "Whom God hath Joined: a Question of Marriage" (F. V. WHITE), by FERGUS HUME; in two volumes, "Quita" (WARD & DOWNEY), by CECIL DUNSTAN, and "Betwixt Two Lovers" (F. V. WHITE), by COLONEL ROWAN HAMILTON; and in one volume, "Jack's Father, and Other Stories" (METHUEN), by W. E. NORRIS, "The Gentleman Digger: a Study of Johannesburg Life" (LOW), by ANNA, COMTESSE DE BRÉMONT, "Wounded by a Word" (DIGBY), by C. E. HITCHMAN, and "Treachery: a Spanish Romance" (PERCIVAL), by F. W. BAIN.

FRENCH novels published this week are "Morphine," by DUBUT DE LAFOREST, and "Monsieur le Vicaire," by GEORGE BOIS, with a preface by LECONTE DE LISLE, both issued by E. DENTU. A new edition, revised and enlarged, of GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S "La Maison Tellier" is published by PAUL OLLENDORF.

BEFORE the days of cartridges every soldier had to carry a small powder magazine in the shape of a flask of some kind. Horns were favoured by the English who fought the French in America before 1775; and upon them, in odd moments and camp leisure, they carved verses, maps, pictures of forts and block-houses, of battles and of hunting-scenes, statistics of killed and wounded, dates, bits of sentiment, and odds and ends of information. Although the book of the American powder-horn—and an interesting book it will be—remains to be written, a very pleasant discourse with a horn for text has recently been published. MR. FRED. W. LUCAS, having in his possession a buffalo-horn inscribed with a map of the country between Montreal and New York, has made it the basis of an interesting historical study entitled, "Appendiculæ Historicæ; or, Shreds of History hung on a Horn." It is issued by MESSRS. HENRY STEVENS & SON, of New York.

WE do not yet know upon what subject or subjects M. VAMBÉRY, who has crossed the Channel for that purpose, intends to lecture in England; but as one of the most thorough-going and venturesome travellers of the century, he ought not to fail of audiences, whatever the topic he selects. He is no stranger to cultivated London, and his "Life and Adventures," as narrated by himself in the volume published in England by MR. UNWIN, should have won him a fair renown throughout the kingdom, for the book is now in its seventh edition. A graphic and dramatic summary of that most wonderful journey of his to Central Asia—from Teheran to Khiva, from Khiva to Bokhara, from Bokhara to Samarkand, and back to Teheran, disguised as a dervish, and in the company of dervishes would be

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

a most potent attraction in any lecture-room. In print the narrative reads like the fabled wanderings of some legendary hero—thirst in the desert, scorpion bites, perils from robbers, strange rites at the tombs of saints, dreaded interviews with the khans and emirs, wrestlings with storms of burning sand, and stealthy midnight marches under skies ablaze with stars—but it is a faithful record of a pilgrimage by a young man of thirty, possessing the gift of tongues, and a glib and bold one of his own.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO. are about to issue "The Tragic Comedians," perhaps the most unreadable, if one of the most brilliant, of all GEORGE MEREDITH'S novels, and one which will therefore be read with the greater zest by the author's admirers, a band which now includes almost all readers who care for the higher fiction. Such readers will be glad to hear of a new novel from MR. SHORTHOUSE'S unprolific pen. It is to be called "Blanche, Lady Falaise," is nearly completed, and will be published by MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. The same publishers will issue a new book by RUDYARD KIPLING, entitled "Life's Handicap, being Stories of Mine Own People."

THE authorities of Harvard are rejoicing over a discovery in their library. It seems that in 1819 GOETHE sent a parcel of his writings to a certain DR. J. G. COGSWELL, who had visited the poet in Weimar and found him uttering "more rational observations than he had ever heard from any man in Europe." These writings, thirty volumes in all, were brought to light only a day or two ago. They are inscribed, "Gift of the Author, J. W. v. Goethe."

A CHICAGO speculator has offered a big sum for the house in Salem in which NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born, intending to remove it to his city in time for exhibition at the World's Fair. The owner, however, wants a larger sum than the speculator is willing to pay. The house was built a hundred years before HAWTHORNE'S birth. Fashion has long ago passed it by on the other side, and its present surroundings have rendered it very unattractive. Only the first four years of HAWTHORNE'S life were spent in it.

THE EXPULSION OF QUEEN NATHALIE.

(FROM A SERBIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE disgraceful scenes which were recently enacted in Belgrade seem to be regarded by a great portion of the English and Continental press as part of an improvised melodrama, rather amusing, although unworthy of serious thought. Many newspaper correspondents seem singularly ill-informed about Queen Nathalie's popularity. The fact is that there is a very strong feeling for her among the peasantry. The men admire and pity her, and the women love her. She has taken part for years in their annual festivals and fairs; and wherever she has been, her affability and beauty have left an abiding impression on the simple country people. She has been always personally kind as well as generous to the poor, and during the wars she has cared for the wounded, and provided for the widows and orphans. It is not our place to say how much of this overflow of graceful charity was for charity's sake, and how much merely to gain a good hold on the affections of the people. We know only that she charmed all men who approached her (except her husband, unhappily!) by her beauty and grace, and that she has devoted and grateful friends among the Serbian women of all classes. Possibly it was a good thing for the present Government that she did not attempt to land anywhere when the steamer passed the Serbian shores. Had she done so, and had she been supported by the brave and faithful friends who have defended her cause so eloquently and warmly, who could say what would be the position of things in Serbia to-day?

The ex-Queen is said to enjoy the personal friendship of the Czarina, and it is certain she has many friends in Russia. She was born in Odessa; her father was a Russian officer, and she has since her marriage always openly declared that though the greater part of her heart was now Serbian, all the rest was, and would ever remain, Russian. She never professed any sympathy with ex-King Milan's demonstrative friendship for Austria, but we do not believe that she ever sought actually to turn him from it, not even in those days when, as "married lovers"—for it *was* a love marriage—they may naturally be supposed to have had some sympathies in common.

Formerly the Radicals, always pro-Russian, were great admirers and friends of the Queen. They knew well that after the suppression of the Zaitschar revolt the chief leaders were condemned to death by the Military Court, and only saved from execution by Her Majesty's energetic and not-to-be-refused intervention. Three of these then condemned leaders are members of the present Radical Cabinet that has so brutally expelled the Queen from the country. We wonder how these once condemned and respited insurgent chiefs — Messrs. Paschics, Gersich, and Djaja—must have felt when the woman to whose generous energy they owed their lives called them "cowards and traitors," when their gendarmes forced her into the carriage which conveyed her over the Serbian frontier?

It has been the boast of the Radicals that they compelled King Milan to grant such an exceedingly Liberal Constitution; they esteemed it their especial merit that the clause "forbidding the forcible expulsion of any Serbian from Serbia under any circumstances" became part of that Constitution. When, and where, and why, have they so completely forgotten the paragraph they were so eager to make and so proud of having made? To the uninitiated the passive attitude of Russia during the past week is even more perplexing than the position taken by the Radicals against the ex-Queen. But it seems to us that this apparent indifference is simply the result of Russia's very pronounced dislike and distrust of the ex-King. The Radicals, during their two years' government, have committed many grave mistakes, and their former popularity will soon be a thing of the past. Each visit of the ex-King to Serbia to see his son afforded opportunity for demonstrations more or less marked against the Government. Especially have the officers gathered round their ex-King; not so much out of love for him, perhaps, as out of hearty dislike of the Radical rulers. In fact, the anti-Russian and anti-Radical elements in the country are greatly in need of a centre, and, as they find nowhere else the required leader, they naturally rally round their former sovereign, who is undoubtedly a very clever and gifted man, whatever may be his faults of education and character. Russia is perfectly aware of the danger the present Government would run were the discontented military and politic elements combined under the assured co-operation of the ex-King. Therefore it is the desire of the St. Petersburg Cabinet to keep King Milan out from Serbia and far from the side of his son. If the sacrifice of Queen Nathalie was necessary to effect this, then of course she must be sacrificed—for the time. Meanwhile the young king is completely surrounded by friends and creatures of the Czar, and breathes in Belgrade as pure a Russian atmosphere as Prince Nikita in Cetinje.

When King Milan left Paris for Belgrade last February, he was completely "possessed" by one "idea"—viz., to force Queen Nathalie to leave Serbia. He could not endure that the woman who had been his wife should reside in the same country as their son.

The Russophobe ex-King declared to the Russophile Radical Government that he was willing to resign formally his constitutional right to superintend the education of his son, and ready to engage

to reside out of Serbia until that son's majority, providing the divorced Queen Nathalie should be sent—by force, if need be—out of the country.

This offer was accepted by the Cabinet, certainly not without the concurrence of the Russian Minister in Belgrade. This bargain of the Government with the ex-King was a grave mistake. It made a still greater mistake when it failed to place the whole matter, in a regular and constitutional manner, before the Assembly and demand a plain and unequivocal authorisation by a formal Bill. The Ministers communicated to the astonished deputies the "voluntary decision" of the ex-King to "leave the country and not return before his son attained his majority," and then they made the Assembly vote a resolution "requesting the Government to 'work out' that the Queen-mother should do the same."

It is the general opinion in Belgrade that not one in ten of the deputies understood that special phrase to mean the forcible expulsion of the Queen, and already many deputies indignantly protest that their "innocent resolution" was construed by the Government as a "mandate" to break the Constitution and expel the mother of the King.

From the Belgrade papers it is clear that Queen Nathalie was *not* "prepared" for the violent steps about to be taken to force her to leave the country. The day of the "expulsion" Her Majesty had guests to lunch with her. Among these guests was General Leshanin, whose sister-in-law was for years the first lady of the Court and always a loyal and devoted adherent of the Queen, and whose wife is sister of Colonel Simonovich, the Queen's adjutant. The general, a man of unsullied honour, was one of the most trusted friends of Regent Ristich until the latter found it politic to turn his back on the divorced Queen.

During the lunch the Prefect of the city and the chief of the police department of the Home Ministry, accompanied by six gendarmes, entered the Queen's residence, whilst a detachment of mounted gendarmes was stationed in front of the house. The Prefect showed the Queen the written order of the Government, and said she must leave the country at once. Her Majesty declared she would not go unless compelled, so the Prefect ordered two of his men to take her by the arms and lead her away. Then General Leshanin begged the Queen "not to expose herself to further indignity," and said he "was witness that force had been used against her." What followed has been related in the daily papers and need not be repeated here.

It is to be hoped now that King Milan is satisfied! Queen Nathalie has been taken by force out of Serbia. It has been long his heart's dearest desire to know her expelled from the country of which her only son will be ruler and is already king. But Russia, also, is probably "well pleased," for she has closed the gates of the Belgrade palace against her arch-enemy, Milan. That he left Serbia of his own free will and Queen Nathalie against her will matters little in the end. Possibly the ex-King in reality has lost more than the ex-Queen after all. *He* has left behind him seeds of disgust and disappointment which will go on growing, for the Serbian soil is the best possible for the rapid growth of discontent; *she* has left behind her mixed sentiments of gratitude and anger, of pity and wonder, and it will depend chiefly on her future actions how deeply and widely the better feelings spread and grow.

But there is no doubt at all about the loss the Radicals have sustained in this scandalous struggle. Their *prestige* is a thing of the past; their strength was in union, and they are now disunited and disorganised. No one can tell how near Serbia is to a new period of internal contention which may lead even to international complication. Europe has all reason to watch vigilantly the "signs of the times," for the only partially extinguished volcanoes of the Balkans may suddenly at any moment reawake.

E. L. M.

THE PAUPER.

ROUND the skirts of the plantation, and half-way down the hill, there runs a thick fringe of wild cherry-trees. Their white blossom makes, for three weeks or more in the year, a pretty contrast with the larches and dark clumps of Scotch fir that serrate the long ridge above. And close under their branches runs the line of oak rails that marks off the plantation from the meadow.

A labouring man came deliberately around the slope, as if following this line of rails. But as a matter of fact he was treading a little-used footpath that here runs close beside the fence and parallel with it for about fifty yards, before it diverges down the hill towards the village. So narrow is the path that the man's boots were powdered to a rich golden colour by the buttercups they had brushed aside.

Presently he came to a standstill, looked over the fence and listened. Up among the larches a faint chopping sound could just be heard, irregular but persistent. The man put a hand up to his mouth and called—

"Hi-i-i! Knock off! Stable clock's gone noo-oon!"

There was no answer at all, but the chopping sound ceased at once, and this apparently satisfied the man, who leant against the rail and waited and looked steadily, but not curiously, at his boots. Two minutes passed without sound or stir in this corner of the land. The human figure was motionless; the birds in the plantation were taking their noon-day siesta. A brown butterfly rested, with open wings, on the rail—so quietly, he might have been pinned there.

A cracked voice was suddenly lifted, within the plantation and but a dozen yards away. "Such a man as I be to work! Never heard a note o' that blessed clock, if you'll believe me. Ab-sorbed, they call it."

The voice was followed by its owner, a thin, withered man in a smock frock, who emerged from among the cherry-trees with a bill-hook in his hand, and stooped to pass under the rail.

"Dismal pains I do suffer in that old back of mine, to be sure. Ugh! You'll never believe 'em, my son, till the appointed time when you come to suffer 'em. But, says I, just now, up among the larches, "Well, my sonny-boys, I can crow over *you*, anyway: for I was a grown man when Squire planted ye, and here I be, a hearty oldster, marking ye out for destruction. Why, hullo!—where's the dinner?"

The younger man withdrew his gaze, almost reluctantly, from his boots.

"I haven't brought none. We're dinin'-out, to-day, as the word goes among the fashionists. Quarter-after-nine, this mornin', I was passin' by the Green wi' the straw-cart, when old Nick Trueman calls after me—'Have 'ee heard the news?' 'What news?' I axes. 'Why,' says he, 'I'm goin' into the Union Work'us this afternoon: can't manage to pull along by myself any more,' he says; 'an' I want you and your father to drop in, soon after noon, an' take a bite with me, for old times' sake. 'Tis my last taste o' free life an' I be goin' to do the thing fittywise,' he says."

The older man cast a meditative gaze up at the sky-line.

"We'll pleasure en, o' course," he said slowly. "So 'tis come round to Nick's turn? But 'a was born in the year o' Waterloo, ten year' afore me, so I s'pose he've kept his doom off longer than most."

The two men set off, down the footpath. There is a stile at the foot of the meadow and, while painfully climbing it, the old man spoke again.

"And his doorway, I reckon, 'll be locked for a while an' then opened by strangers; an' his nimble youth be forgot like a flower o' the field; an' his little curious habits, that made en different from anybody else, be clean blotted out; an' fare thee well, Nick Trueman! But I'd no notion he'd got it in his mind."

"Far as I can gather, he've been minded that way ever since his daughter died, last fall."

From the stile where they stood they could look down into the village street. And old Nick Trueman

was plain to see, standing in his doorway and welcoming his guests.

"Come in—come ye in, good friends," he called, as they approached. "There's cold bekkon and cold liver-an'-lights and Dutch cheese, besides bread: an' a little drop o' gin-an'-water for every soul among ye, to make it a day of note in the parish."

He looked back into the kitchen. A dozen elderly men were already gathered there, and one of them promptly paid the compliment that was obviously expected.

"Never do I mind a man's layin' down his joyful days so handsome. For the gin-an'-water is a little addition beyond experience. The vittles, no doubt, you begged up at the Vicarage, sayin' you'd been a peck of trouble to the family, but that this was goin' to be the last time."

"I did, I did."

"But the gin-an'-water—how on airth you contrived it is a riddle."

The old man rubbed his hands together and looked around with genuine pride.

"There was old Miss Scantlebury," said another guest—"You remember Miss Scantlebury?"

"O' course, o' course."

"Well, she did it better 'n anybody I've heard tell of. When she fell into redooced circumstances, she sold the eight-day clock that was the only thing o' value she had left, an' drove into Tregarrick Work-'us behind a pair o' greys, wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire, she'd enough left to adorn the hosses wi' white favours an' give the driver a crown, large as My Lord. But she was a lady, to begin with."

"That beats me, I own," answered the old man. "Yet I shall drive to my doom, though it be but upon two wheels an' with my back to a single hoss. For Farmer Lear's drivin' into Tregarrick in an hour's time, an' he 've a-promised me his back-seat."

"But about the gin-an'-water? For real gin-an'-water it is, to sight an' taste."

"Well, my sonnies, I'll tell ye: for the trick may serve one o' ye in the days when you come to follow me, tho' the new Relievin' Officer may have learnt wisdom before then. You must know I've been considerin' this step for some while: but hearin' that old Jacobs was goin' to retire soon, I thought to mysel' 'I'll wait for the new Officer, an' if he's a green hand, I'll diddle en.' Yesterday was his second round at the work; so I goes up an' draws out my ha'af-crown, same as usual, and walks straight off to the *Four Lords* for a ha'af-crown's worth o' gin. An' to-day I drives up to the Work'us, so bold as brass an' quite destitoot—but there, I'm wastin' time: for to be sure you've most o' ye got relations an' friends in the place where I'm goin' an' will be wantin' to send a word by me."

It was less than an hour before Farmer Lear pulled up at the door in his red-wheeled trap, and the pauper climbed up and was driven off.

"I've made a sort o' little plan in my head," he said at parting, "of the order i' which I shall see ye again, one by one. 'Twill be a great amusement to me, sonnies, to see how the fact fits in wi' my little plan."

They gave him three feeble cheers as he drove away and hung about for several minutes after the vehicle had passed out of sight, gazing along the road as wistfully as more prosperous men look in, through churchyard gates, at the acres where their kinsfolk lie buried.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE WOMAN'S VOTE."

SIR,—In a recent article in THE SPEAKER upon the above subject it was stated that the women's vote, so far as it has already been exercised, had proved a failure—that the majority of women voted as they were told, etc.

Now, as these statements differed materially from my own experiences and opinion, I made it my business to ascertain the views of those who were in the best position to form a correct judgment upon the matter. Amongst these were several town councillors of the large and populous place in which I reside, and they one and all informed me that they had found the women voters the most difficult to deal with, from the tenacity with which they clung to their opinions.

One gentleman, an ex-mayor, stated, as an instance of this, that the women in the ward which he represented required a bridge made across a river that ran between their district and the market.

They considered this a public necessity, and nothing whatever would induce them to vote for anyone who opposed it.

I next saw the town clerk, believing that I might from him obtain a still more impartial opinion. He said that naturally he could only afford testimony from inside the polling booth—he had nothing to do with what went on outside—but so far as his official experience went he believed that the women's municipal vote had been an entire success.

I next wrote to the ex-mayor of one of our largest towns and sea-ports, and I sent him a copy of the extracts I have referred to from the article in THE SPEAKER. He being laid up with an attack of influenza, his daughter replies on her father's behalf thus:—

"He wishes me to say that he thinks few men have had a wider or more continued experience of municipal contests than he has had, which experience extends over more than thirty years. He has not seen the article from which you quote, but is prepared to say that your quotations do not express the convictions produced on his mind. It may be perfectly true that some women vote as they are told, but not the majority; it is equally true that many men vote as they are told; but on the whole he is convinced that the majority of women voters use their suffrage with a higher and nobler purpose than do the majority of the other sex."

All the foregoing statements very much accord with the experience of those having to do with women who are engaged in business. I think commercial travellers generally will state that they find them keen in seeking a bargain, and less susceptible to what is called "soft-sawder" than most men; but that on the other hand they are exact in their accounts and prompt and regular in their payments.

Now these are qualities that tend to make good citizens, such as will exercise their voting powers wisely and carefully. It is of course essential that an interest in politics, whether imperial or municipal, should be taken, but this will prevail amongst women more and more as they obtain the right, not merely of *holding* political opinions, but of aiding practically in enforcing them.

I trust that you will not consider this letter an undue intrusion upon your space, but will allow it to appear in your columns with that spirit of fairness which forms so essential a part of the true Liberalism which it is the *rôle* of THE SPEAKER to represent.—I am, your obedient servant,

C. H. PERKINS.

May 26th, 1891.

GENIUS AND INSANITY.

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest that genius and insanity are only other words for "openness," or what in modern parlance we call "mediumship?" We are all mediumistic more or less; our great poets and musicians very much more, our smaller fry very much less. The flashes of genius that we enjoy are "put through" by master-minds that have existed for æons. Nineteenth-century readers will of course scoff at this idea; for the world has always scoffed at great truths before accepting them. Moreover, men who consider that they have original genius would be mortified to think they were only "instruments" used by minds infinitely greater than their own. Yet there seems little doubt that this is so; unfortunately, I cannot—at the moment—prove my case as clearly as Mr. Nesbit proves his, though, in a few more years, it may be recognised. I have an old and honoured authority for stating that spiritual truths "can only be spiritually discerned;" they do not lend themselves to science and mathematics, logic and geometry, which are instruments of the intellect alone. Spirit knows nothing of time and space, lines and boundaries; like the wind, "it bloweth where it listeth, and we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth." But we all know that it is in the silent hours of the night, in the solitude of the study, or in the lonely country walk, that we gather our best ideas, that we invent our plots or write our essays and poems. We talk tall talk about evolving them "from our inner consciousness," when we simply receive them from the spirit-world that is always around us, striving its hardest to tell us a great deal more if we would only pause to listen. But the majority of us shut our spiritual eyes and seal our spiritual ears, and devote our best faculties to the task of turning a half-penny into a penny, or of travelling a little faster on two fixed lines. Again, the man who is "open" or "mediumistic" is necessarily liable to bad as well as to good influence, and thus it so often happens that those who give us the greatest flashes of genius are eccentric, erratic, and occasionally have seasons of wild debauchery. The man of well-balanced mind "holds his fortress," and from him we get neither genius nor orgies; the feeble man leaves the door open altogether, and the result is a

free fight for his stronghold—in other words, chaos and insanity; he becomes what in olden time was called "obsessed." (Was it not seven devils—or evil spirits—that Christ cast out from the lunatic?)

Once more, it is well known that mediumship exhausts the vital forces of the physical body, and makes men weakly. (In this sense many a man has laid down his life for his cause.)

Finally, it is rather curious to note amongst the many names instanced by Mr. Nesbit how few scientific men are numbered. This goes to strengthen my theory, for between the boundless world of spirit and the finite world of science there is little sympathy. Science ends where it begins—in matter; so does money-getting; poetry and music, and whatsoever appertains to the higher spiritual life, and to what we call "genius," echoes through space for ever.

E. H.

Herne Bay.

ÆNIGMATA.

I WANTED the sweep of the wild wet weather,
The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall,
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,
The measureless grey that was over them all;
Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken;
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry—
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,
The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us? We see them ever—
The trees and the sky and the stretch of the land;
But they give us a word of their secret never;
They tell no story we understand.
Yet haply the ghost-like birch out yonder
Knows much in a placid and silent way;
The rain might tell what the grey clouds ponder,
The winds repeat what the violets say.

Why weeps the rain? Do you know its sorrow?
Do you know why the wind is so sad—so sad?
Have you stood in the rift 'twixt a day and a morrow,
Seen their hands meet and their eyes grow glad?
Is the tree's pride stung at its top's abasement?
Is the white rose more of a saint than the red?
What thinks the star as it sees through the casement
A young girl lying, beautiful, dead?

BARRY PAIN.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, May 29th, 1891.

THERE are quick trains in Surrey, as we must all know, for the train we travel by stops respectfully here and there to let them pass. Then our train creeps out of the siding, like a rabbit from its hole, and, if no one is looking, it makes up its mind to go on. Such, at least, is the way of my train, which is stopping at all the farm-houses and most of the telegraph-posts. Now and again, too, the engine-driver draws rein that he may get out and have a chat with the guard. I am sitting in my corner, thinking of the old days of rushing coaches, when twelve miles an hour was too common to be a feat, and people must have lived at high pressure.

From London to my Surrey village (Tory, with the rallying-cry, "Duck 'im in th' pond") is a comfortable day's journey, and one makes friends on the way. They are mostly country folk, with a sharp eye on the guard, who is supposed to have designs on their tickets, and they cannot talk long about themselves (which is the only subject a wise man will invite anyone to talk of) without convincing you that Surrey has as many romances as Park Lane. I dare swear that every drama of the London season has also been played in my village.

In Dorsetshire, I believe, they call Mr. Hardy "him wot puts we into books"; but Surrey has not yet had its Hardy, and so its interest in the literary characters who frequent it is not keen. At Twickenham, if you want the house of Mr. Blackmore the novelist, you should ask for the house of Mr. Blackmore the market-gardener; and at Cobham nowadays they can only show what was Matthew Arnold's cottage because the Londoner so frequently asks. One meets these Londoners on the prowl in all parts of Surrey, but chiefly at Haslemere, where they would question Lord Tennyson about his successor in the laureateship; and to some evening paper goes their interview, if it takes place—and, indeed, whether or no.

Public interest in our great men only stands second now to our interest in our neighbours. Still the neighbour has it easily, and those who relish an article to breakfast on Herbert Spencer's garden jackets, would pass it by for an interview with the gentleman at No. 62 about his reasons for pulling down his blinds half an hour before he lights the gas. Only one *Times* (let out on hire) comes to my village, and I suppose half a dozen copies of the local paper are taken in weekly. Yet every house in the village would buy the local paper if it was guaranteed to contain an interview with the blacksmith or the butcher's wife. "90 M.P.s Down with Influenza," or "A Chat with the Poet-Laureate," are good headings, but to a neighbour they are as nothing compared to "And now, Mr. Gubbins, my readers would like to know whether your wife really compels you to wash the dishes."

By the payment of a guinea, "public persons," from the lowly scribe up to the lordly actor, may get a hundred "press cuttings" about himself; and so learn that he has charming manners and an impediment in his speech, that he is the celebrated author of some other body's book, that he is at present in China and Torquay, and that he died some years ago. Persons interested in the public person are supplied with the "pars" at the same rate; and great actors and actresses (of whom there are at present not more than a hundred in this country) are thus a source of wealth to the scissors-and-paste agencies. Not many literary hands, it may be presumed, interest admirers to the extent of a guinea, which can buy two stalls, or a library.

But here and there is a comic gentleman who knows no better than to wonder about literary hands when he might be wondering about great tragediennes. I saw lately a quaint request from such a one for information about a writer who is no better than a "Poor Polly of the pen." The author lives in a country town, to another inhabitant of which the curious one sent a paper containing twenty-six questions, and to each question a blank space for the answer. "I am interested in Mr. Anon's writing," said the stranger, "and would be obliged if you could answer the following questions. Enclosed is a stamp for postage." The twenty-six questions would be worth giving in full if the public was as curious as that curious young man. He wanted to know, "Is Anon married? If so, does he get on well with his wife? Who was she? Is it true that he is of plain exterior? Does he interest himself in local matters? Is he very unpopular, as I have heard, in society? Is he of abstemious habits? Would you say that he is less abstemious when in London than when in his natal place?"

To return to the question of the laureateship, a suggestion is that it should be given to some verse-making peer, so low in the poetic scale that none of the possible men could be offended. He should be someone with a name easily remembered. Or the office could be allowed to die in the blaze of glory called Tennyson. Or, as this is the age of competitive examinations—— Here is an idea.

But election by marks is only for the small posts. The laureate's type-writer might be chosen in that way, while applicants for the laureateship could be invited to send in their testimonials, with a preface by themselves setting forth their claims. Think over the poets said to be "in the running," and you will see at once that these prefaces would make strange reading.

Such a method, though calculated to let us know the best that could be said of several of the candidates in waiting, would not be fair to all. Mr. Buchanan, for instance, has such a way of nicknaming those he writes of, that force of habit would probably compel him to refer sarcastically to himself as a young man in some sort of suit.

I think authors should be allowed to call at newspaper offices and ask their critic a few questions—such authors, at all events, as write, say, translations of foreign verse and are dismissed as "tolerably but not admirably proficient in the language" ("we note *bégagé* for *dégagé*, but possibly this is a printer's error"), or scientific works which "show some grasp of the subject, though we find ourselves forced to differ from the author on certain important points" (that need not be mentioned). In such cases the author has a clear right to ask his critic to translate into French, "Have you the cow and the ink and the ox of your neighbour; and, if not, have you the buttercup, the dandelion, and the daisy?" or to demand of him why, when a book slips off the table, it falls, instead of flying to the ceiling. Thus could we test the critic's qualifications for his post, and —— But I am at my station, and there is no porter to take my bag. I expect he is down with the influenza.

ANON.

REVIEWS.

A ROLLING STONE.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT AND OF ALICE HIS WIFE. By M. O. W. Oliphant. Two vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

HERE surely is a tragedy for a summer day's reading. It is told in the conventional two volumes of the biographer, and told after the time-honoured methods which are applied equally to the history of the successful tradesman and of the great poet or statesman. Mrs. Oliphant always writes delightfully, and she has told the story of her namesake's life with the practised skill and genuine sympathy which might have been expected from her. But when one lays down the book it is not of the biographer that one is thinking; nor even of the varied adventures of the hero of the story. The tragedy of the tale overpowers everything else, and one can think of nothing but the ruined career, the broken life. There are many among us to-day who knew Laurence Oliphant in his prime, who remember him as he walked these London streets nearly thirty years ago, in the full enjoyment of a reputation which made him the most enviable of mortals. He had youth and good looks, fair means and brilliant promise on his side in those days. He had friends in every class in society; he was making his way in Parliament; he had already made his name in literature; above all, he had about him that indefinable quality which men miscall genius, and the possession of which justifies far wider expectations, far higher hopes, than can be founded upon mere talent or industry. Thirty years ago there were people who believed that in Laurence Oliphant was the making of a great statesman. There were others who saw him as a leader in our social life, ruling the thought and fashion of the age. There were still others who believed that a great career as diplomatist or novelist lay before him. Probably the one thing that no man dreamed of as possible was the actual fate which overtook him—a fate which did not quench his genius, but which destroyed his hopes, broke his spirit, and blighted his career.

Very delightful is the picture painted by Mrs. Oliphant of his earlier years. The child, on whom two fond parents doted, grew up into the open-minded, fearless youth who fascinated all who met him. Jung Bahadoor—the old Lion of Nepaul—was one of the earliest of his conquests. He met him at his father's house in Ceylon—Sir Anthony Oliphant was Chief Justice of the island—and was so much pleased with him that he invited him to accompany him to Nepaul. There he entreated him royally, providing him with sport of the kind which all young Englishmen love, and opening up to him a country with which few European travellers were at that time acquainted. It followed that when Oliphant, still in the opening years of manhood, came to England and took up his abode in London, he was already known as "the traveller." His luck in those days was almost uncanny. He and a friend set out on a holiday journey, and selected Southern Russia and the Crimea as the scene of their wanderings. Oliphant published the story of his travels, and it appeared at the very time when England and France were preparing to attack the Czar. So the young author was summoned to the Horse Guards to tell the high authorities there all that he knew about Sebastopol. He hoped that he himself would be sent out to the Crimea, but his destiny led him in another direction. Through private influence Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of India, appointed him his private secretary during a most important mission to Washington. Thus was Laurence Oliphant introduced to the sphere of diplomacy, for which his many gifts so well fitted him. How he danced and flirted and drank champagne and made friends with the people in power at Washington may be imagined by everybody. He was full of admiration for his chief, but he looked on with somewhat cynical eyes at the small tricks of the diplomatic trade as they were practised by the head of the mission. Their success seemed to him to justify them. From Washington, where he had mixed with the best American society, he went to Canada, and, although barely twenty-five, received an important appointment in connection with the Indian department of the Government. This took him on a journey to the Far West, and he naturally wrote a book about it, for it had now become second nature with him to commit forthwith to paper and print the fresh impressions which his mind received. He returned to England in time to see something of the Crimean War. He had a notion that he could induce the Circassian chief Schamyl, the darling hero of a bygone generation, to attempt a diversion on the Russian flank, and he importuned Lord Clarendon to send him on a mission to the mountain warrior. Lord Clarendon yielded so far as to despatch him to the Crimea, and here Oliphant enjoyed himself according to his wont, making friends with everybody in the tents before Sebastopol, and running as many risks as any officer on active service. It was now also that his connection with the *Times* began, and he contributed the first of the many brilliant letters from his pen which for years enlivened the pages of that journal. The war at an end, there came the usual interval of social enjoyment in London, and then we see Oliphant in the field once more, serving a second time under Lord Elgin on his famous mission to China.

There is no need to retail the story of that expedition and of the manner in which it was interrupted for a season by the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. Oliphant was in India when the Mutiny was at its height, but he was not permitted to go beyond Calcutta, and he could only note with astonishment the gay indifference of the Europeans in that city, some

of whom had just been saved from the worst horrors of the Mutiny, to the dangers and the sufferings of their less happy fellow-countrymen. One remarkable episode of the Mission to China was the visit paid by Lord Elgin to Japan. Oliphant went with him, and some of us can still remember the thrill of delight, as in the presence of something entirely new, with which we read the letters published in the *Times*, telling of the young diplomatist's first experiences in that strange land so long sealed to the Western world. It is in Japan, also, that we next meet the illustrious adventurer, for, on returning to England, he was appointed Secretary to Rutherford Alcock's mission to that country; and it was then that he so nearly met his death in the attack made by a party of fanatical Japanese upon the building in which he and the other members of the Mission were dwelling. The injuries he sustained on this occasion were so severe that he was compelled to return home; but no sooner had he recovered his strength than he made off for the next spot in which stirring events were to be witnessed, and took part, not as a combatant but as a very active and intrepid spectator, in some of the dramatic episodes of the Polish insurrection.

Travel, adventure, journalism, literature, diplomacy, had all now been tried by him in turn, and tried with success. There remained yet another field in which to exhibit his remarkable talents, and it was the field to which his ambition most strongly urged him. He came into Parliament as member for the Stirling Burghs, and forthwith laid himself out to play the part of a serious legislator and politician. But even then he could not resist the temptations of journalism, and he was one of the little band who launched that eccentric print *The Owl*, which for a brief season was the delight and wonder of society and the English people generally. Society and Lawrence Oliphant were by this time on the best of terms. He was welcome everywhere, and as we have already said, counted his friends in every rank in life. And now, with the ball at his feet, and such brilliant prospects opening before him as few men of his age have ever looked upon, there came into his life that great change which altered his destiny and, so far as worldly eyes can see, wrecked his career. He had been much given throughout his life to the writing of letters to his mother discussing his own spiritual condition. There are parents and friends who delight in correspondence of this sort, and who are for ever digging up the tender plant of a young man's faith in order to see whether it has as yet taken root. Lady Oliphant was the most devoted of mothers; perhaps if she had been less devoted she would have been a wiser and better friend to her son. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that Oliphant must have been tempted into many strange paths of speculation before he surrendered himself body and soul to the keeping of Thomas Lake Harris, the fanatic and impostor, who became the evil genius of his life. All the world wondered when it was made known that the clever young journalist and M.P., whose brilliant story of "Piccadilly" was at that very moment delighting everybody, had suddenly thrown aside all his chances, abandoned his position in Parliament and in English society, and gone off to join an unknown enthusiast in the little community he had established in an obscure village in the United States. Mrs. Oliphant devotes, as it seems to us, more than sufficient space to the story of this episode in her hero's life. It must be remembered, however, that it was something more than an episode—it was the tragical chapter which determined his fate. How he worked at Brocton at menial labour, devoting all his energy, and the splendid resources of mind and body, to the planting of potatoes or the carting of manure, need not be told here, though it is told with great fulness in the Life. He surrendered himself absolutely to his master, placing his destiny entirely at his mercy. When, after a time, Harris permitted him to revisit Europe and to act as correspondent of the *Times* in Paris after the war, though Oliphant re-appeared in society and seemed to be the same as of yore, he was nothing more than the vassal of the adventurer who had enthralled him.

His marriage with a beautiful woman, cultured and gentle to no ordinary degree, ought to have been the brightest incident in his life, and, as a matter of fact, was the saddest. For though the two loved each other with a devotion which never varied, the iron hand of Harris the impostor was laid upon them both. He bade them live apart at his own evil pleasure; he humiliated and mortified and tortured them in every possible way; and yet, so strong was their belief in his authority as the representative of the Divine, that they neither murmured nor rebelled. A more painful story has never been told than that of the subjugation of Lawrence Oliphant—the gay, the bright, the daring—and of his beautiful and accomplished wife to a cold-blooded and unscrupulous impostor. Perhaps the darkest feature of the story was the way in which Lady Oliphant was compelled by this hard taskmaster to spend the years of her declining age in a painful and bitter servitude, whilst her son looked on, evidently unconscious of the cruelty of the task laid upon the mother he loved. And yet it is not to be forgotten that both for Lady Oliphant and her son there was this consolation in the misery and humiliation of these years, that they were treading steadfastly in that which they believed to be the path of duty, and that all they suffered was suffered in the name of the Lord and Master of us all.

How at last the bubble burst is known to everybody. An accident revealed to Oliphant the fact that Harris was other than he had seemed to be, and he broke loose from his sway for ever; but by this time Lady Oliphant was dead, and the iron had entered too deeply into the soul of Oliphant himself to be withdrawn. The mystical side of life was now the only real side to the man who had once seen so much of its more material aspects. If he could not serve God in the West under Harris, he might at least serve Him in the East. And so he takes his wife to the slopes of Karmel, and makes a home for himself there, and busies himself in the study of a thousand religious and spiritual problems, and in projects for benefiting the world around him. And yet, side by side with this spirit of self-devotion and self-absorption, there burned the old spirit of worldliness, and he was able, even in his most exalted moments, to turn aside and pen satires upon the social life of England and America, brighter and more pungent than almost any other works of their kind. How his wife died, and how in his desolation he believed that the spiritual world had been thrown open to him, and that he was permitted to commune with her; how he even found, as he thought, a medium through whom this communication might become constant and regular, and how he married this medium and straightway himself passed into the world of silence—all this is told in the last chapter of the biography before us, and the narrative only serves to heighten the effect of the tragedy. It will be long before we look upon the like of Lawrence Oliphant again; it will be long before the world meets with anyone quite so brilliant, fascinating, capable; and let us hope that it will be long before any biographer has again to tell a story so strange and sad as that which is given to us by Mrs. Oliphant in these two fascinating volumes.

THE GILD MERCHANT.

THE GILD MERCHANT. A Contribution to British Municipal History. By Charles Gross, Ph.D., Instructor in History, Harvard University. Two vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

PROFESSOR GROSS modestly describes these volumes as "a contribution to British municipal history." Many writers, English and foreign, have lately investigated the obscure subject of Merchant Gilds. But no one has done more to elucidate it than he;

we would not say that he has made actual discoveries, but he has undoubtedly put in a new light large parts of the subject. The origin, constitution, procedure, nay, even the very object of gilds, have hitherto been uncertain; even the best-informed writers are content with generalities; read the remarks of so profound a scholar as the Bishop of Oxford, and you will be struck by their vagueness.

To elucidate this darkness Professor Gross has spared no pains. These two volumes are the monument of multifarious searches, conducted not only in the Record Office or the British Museum, but in many municipal archives. A score of towns have for the first time given up their treasures. The archives of Leicester, King's Lynn, Andover, Totnes, and Guildford, are peculiarly rich, and Pofessor Gross has extracted from them much precious ore. The second volume alone—a collection of documents, many of them hitherto unpublished, illustrative of the history of gilds—would make us all his debtors. It may be a humiliating confession to make; but the truth is, no Englishman for many a day has done so much for our history as Professor Gross, of Harvard.

To Dr. Brentano most persons defer in all questions respecting the history of English gilds; but from his theory of the origin of gilds, as explained in his introduction to Toulmin Smith's work, Professor Gross entirely dissents. It is visionary; it is based on an imperfect survey of the field. "His commonly accepted story of a great network of free gilds covering England, battling with lordly oppressors, forming town constitutions, etc., is merely a phantasm of the imagination—a dramatic version of the few prosaic facts presented in sources of this period." Professor Gross does not find a trace of an Anglo-Saxon gild merchant; the statements of Stubbs and Green that the institution goes far back beyond the Conquest he pronounces baseless. The earliest distinct references to a *gilda mercatoria* occur in a charter granted by Robert FitzHamon to the burgesses of Burford in 1087—1107, and a deed of exchange between the Chapman Gild of Canterbury and the Community of Christ Church. What seems certain is that "at least one-third—or probably a much greater proportion—of the boroughs of England were endowed with this gild in the thirteenth century." At first gain was the object of the association; it was a trades union composed of those who were at once capitalists and workmen. But the functions of the gilds widened. They undertook civic duties; they acquired important civic rights; they absorbed in many instances the municipal government; the gilds and the boroughs became identical. The former acquired and maintained a trade monopoly. In their palmy days this was their chief object, and they secured it by charters in which a common clause was—"Quod nullus qui non sit juratus et admissus in gilda predicta merchandizare possit in eadem villa absque licencia et voluntate eorundem burgensium." In a dim way all historians have made us understand that each community was in mediæval times Protectionist, and keenly jealous of the intrusion of foreign traders. But here in the text of Professor Gross's dissertation, and in the *pièces justificatives* in the second volume, for the first time, we believe, is collected full evidence of the working of that "corporation spirit" which Adam Smith denounced, and which reduced, in his view, the inhabitants of many towns to a species of slavery. Trade unions are said to be the successors of the old gilds. The latter wielded a power to which the former never aspired; the new unionists never dreamed of exercising tyranny such as was all but universal on the part of the capitalists of the fourteenth century. We have noted in Professor Gross's pages some restrictions, hitherto entirely unobserved, with respect to trading by strangers. He will not understand us as in any way slighting his labours if we add that he occasionally does not always recognise the immense legal significance of the materials which he collects.

Everywhere the progress of historical investigation leaves the outlines shadowy and indefinite; precision is the badge of error. According to one favourite theory the gild was the cell-germ of the borough, the foundation of the whole system of burghal policy; and many facts seem to support this theory. But it will not bear close examination, as Professor Gross conclusively shows; it is the pedantic, imperfect statement of a complex state of facts. He is convinced—and we believe that he is right in his contention—that the "gild was a superinduced element, a separate growth from without, a powerful organism grafted upon the parent stem." No one will speak with confidence of the genesis of boroughs; their separation from the shire is wrapped in obscurity which history may never be able to dispel. But we ought, at least, to distrust those theorists who find a definite distinct origin, who seek a Roman or Norman source for what is really the natural outgrowth of the circumstances, and who reason like the theorists satirised by Smollett; they found the origin of everything in the feudal system. Professor Gross is careful to explain the fact that the constitution of the boroughs differed much, and that the gild was not in all towns in the same position. All that the historian, seeking order in this complexity, can do is to point out certain tendencies; and one clear movement was towards concentrating the burghal power in the gild. For this there was a good reason. The borough motes, borough courts, court leets, were the real kernel of the municipal system. "But in most of the episcopal, abbatical, and baronal towns the courts were not, as in most royal boroughs, under the control of officers chosen by the burgesses, but of bailiffs appointed by the lord. Thus, the townsmen would find the need of a centre of burgensic (*sic*) activity that they would call wholly their own. The gild was the only institution that could satisfy this want."

One of the most original chapters in a singularly original work is that wherein the author treats of "the affiliation of mediæval boroughs." Professor Gross brings to light a condition of things familiar to students of Greek history, but rarely detected in England. He notes that boroughs lying far apart were related to each other by close ties; that boroughs of recent origin copied the institutions of the more ancient; that it was common to insert in a new charter a provision that the town should have the liberties of some well-known city; and that thus were formed groups of boroughs affiliated to a certain mother town. With great labour Professor Gross has constructed a table of those affiliated communities. Bristol was the chief mother town of Dublin and other Irish towns. To Hereford came the Welsh towns for the models of their charters, and Newcastle-on-Tyne was a principal source of Scotch burghal law. One curious usage, little noticed by previous writers, existed: when difficulties arose as to the rights or duties of a town under its constitution thus derived, it was customary to send messengers to the mother town, asking them to declare what was the law or custom as to the point in doubt. This singular jurisdiction extensively prevailed in England; but it never here acquired the formal recognition which it received in Scotland.

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

The Wages of Sin. A Novel. By Lucas Malet. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

There is no need to dwell on the intellectual merits of this novel, for they have extorted the admiration even of those who are loudest in their condemnation of it on moral grounds. We will therefore, in the remarks which follow, address ourselves mainly to the moral aspects of the story. The title of it implies a moral purpose, and to understand that purpose it is necessary to read the hero's character in the light of the author's careful analysis of it. He

is a man of genius who has chosen art for his profession. The intellectual and emotional sides of his nature pull in opposite directions; the former making him "strong, hard, ambitious, doggedly confident and self-assertive," the latter making him "ardent, passionate, reckless, sensuous, sensitive." An ill-balanced nature, therefore, which "revelled in incongruities, and had a sinister vein in it—a rather morbid enjoyment of all that is strange, jarring, unexpected, abnormal." "In revulsion from the Calvinistic creed of his youth," the young artist went to the opposite extreme, "losing his sense of proportion and relative value, and becoming an intellectual and moral universalist of a very advanced type." He could be "remorseless" in love affairs, and as soon as he realised that "an early marriage or a less honourable form of entanglement" with Jenny Parris would be ruinous to his prospects, he repented of his rash engagement to that rustic beauty. But instead of honestly cancelling it, he wished that she "should remain faithful, yet he remain free." The natural consequence followed; and when he and the child of their sin were perishing of fever and starvation, this wild, devoted Celt, with a strain of the hot blood of Spain in her veins, sold her honour to save their lives. Colthurst made this the excuse of breaking his repeated promise to marry her. When he found her in his way "he turned and struck her with the hideous weapon with which she—unhappy, yet in a sense heroic, soul—had by her own action furnished him." In the class-room scene—told with extraordinary dramatic power—he was not satisfied with subduing her and averting the exposure which he dreaded; "he struck, not in self-defence, but for the mere brutal pleasure of striking." The character of Jenny is drawn with great power and skill. There is a heroism in her nature, and an intensity of uncalculating love, which win our sympathy even when she is most reckless and provoking. But latterly she held Colthurst only through his love of the child—a fine trait in his character. She was the skeleton in his life, and therefore he "hated Jenny with the intensity with which we can only hate that which compels us in self-defence to fall back on our lower nature."

Yet this man, who could be so selfish and cruel, could also on occasion be unselfish and tender; could in the hour of his fame and popularity turn aside from the attractions of the West End, even from the society of the woman he loved, and go eastward to the slums and sit up all night with Jenny to nurse their fever-stricken child. And when he confesses his love to Mary Crookenden immediately after the excitement of the class-room scene, it is in keeping with his complex character that his recent brutality to Jenny, and all that it implied, should make him realise bitterly his unworthiness to win a pure woman's love—realise it with such intensity that he prayed God that his love might remain for ever hopeless, because "the worst of all conceivable anguish would be to snatch a happiness which might end in the scorching of your beautiful feet in the flames of my private hells." Yet this was but a passing phase of remorse, for we soon find Colthurst using all his art and the magnetism of his aggressive personality to win the love of which he had declared himself unworthy—win it, too, from the man to whom Mary was engaged.

Enough has now been said—and more might be added—to show that the author does not spare her hero—is neither blind nor kind to his grave faults. Her delineation of his character is very fine and subtle, showing with rare power the Protean shapes which sin takes to hide itself from the sinner. And to mark still further her own reprobation of her hero's violation of the moral law, the author has created an admirable foil for him in the singularly pure and noble character of Lancelot Crookenden, Mary's cousin. This young man's innate purity instinctively shrinks from contact with Colthurst on the first occasion of their meeting, when Lancelot was but fourteen. Some years afterwards Lancelot is taken by a friend to see Colthurst's famous picture, "The Road to Ruin," where Jenny is represented as beckoning the artist towards her down the *descensus Averni* from which there is to be no return for either. Lancelot recoils from the "awfully cold-blooded" character of the man who could make the degradation of the woman whom he had in any degree loved a stepping-stone to fame and fortune.

Whatever may be thought, then, of the moral tendency of such a book as "The Wages of Sin," it certainly is not true that the author makes light of sin, or palliates the serious flaws in her hero's character. She makes them visible and repelling. One plain moral from the story is the deadly peril of violating the law of moral purity, recovery being to some natures well-nigh impossible. Colthurst's sin found him out with a vengeance. It clung to him like the shirt of Nessus, poisoning to death his own life and that of his partner in sin, and bringing sorrow into other lives which he would fain have made happy. The last scene by the death-bed of Jenny Parris is described with singular pathos. But Colthurst had stood more than once before on moral heights as elevated as this, and had ignominiously fallen (*see* Cabinet Edition, pp. 219, 255, 258). There is no stimulus to the imagination, and even to the moral nature, like a disturbed conscience; it is an irritant to all the faculties, leading each up to its highest expression. And as Colthurst looked from the squalid wreck of the dying woman he had ruined to the fair form whom he had desired to have for "his goddess and his property, his inspiration, and, in a sense, his slave," his emotional nature was for the moment stirred to its centre, and his feelings rushed to his lips. But such outbursts of feeling are no sure tests of character or proof of "consummated warfare." Characters like his are not regenerated in a moment. Longing to die the death of the righteous is a very different thing from living his life. The true "consummated warfare" for Colthurst would have been to die, not with tragic violence immediately after renouncing Mary and making his peace with Jenny, but after years of self-denial and noble work, including the care and training of his child. Were "the wages of sin" paid in full while "Dot" remained behind, a homeless orphan, destined to the perilous career of a ballet-dancer? It is easy for natures like Colthurst's—nervous, sensuous, brilliant, morbid—to have fine feelings by fits and starts, and even to be capable of transient fits of generosity. And if there be any danger in the book at all, it lies in the possibility of its leading sensitive and impressionable minds into the fallacy of mistaking fine feelings for unselfish affection or nobility of conduct. Colthurst's premature death leaves the value of his final act of self-sacrifice open to question; it may have been a mere passing impulse, like his solemn prayer that God would keep his love of Mary hopeless, lest contact with him should defile her. His death at that moment is ethically, and, we venture to think, artistically, a mistake. And, besides, was there not something of the merit of necessity in his self-sacrifice? He had known all along that the love between himself and Mary "was of the intellect, not of the affections," and Mary's bearing at the final scene showed him plainly that the spell was broken. A woman who truly loved would have loved him all the more for his pathetic renunciation of her. But Mary answered Colthurst's passionate outburst of self-accusation with "a kiss of renunciation," "and with her face set like a flint, turned and went." There was no love there, and Colthurst knew it.

It is just because we admire greatly the singular dramatic power, psychological skill, and literary art of Lucas Malet—never displayed with such effect as in "The Wages of Sin"—that we have written with such frankness. She is too serious a novelist to write for mere amusement's sake. It should be the aim of the novelist to paint from life, but to paint from it in such wise as shall help to

make his readers nobler and purer than they were. Let her, as she is so well able to do, give us types of character which shall make virtue lovely and attractive. Colthurst would have been a more impressive and salutary example, and need not have been a less attractive one, if the flesh had less dominion over the spirit at the critical moments in his life, or if he had lived to redeem his misspent past. Genius, doubtless, is exposed to temptations from which ordinary mortals are free. So is noble birth, or the possession of wealth or personal beauty. But it is true of all that *noblesse oblige*, and the temptations of genius are no excuse for its moral aberrations. Our author has taken pains to show that she, too, thinks so. Let her then give us another Colthurst, who shall have no cause to shrink from the sacrilege of winning a pure woman's love. It is easier to attract to virtue than to repel from vice. Angelico's art is more potent for good than Hogarth's. It is not true that *l'amour est l'enfant de la Bohème;* it is untrue universally—untrue even in art. "A painter of saints," says Ruskin, "must be a saint himself." "There is no pure passion that can be understood or painted except by pureness of heart; the foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything, and set down blasphemies." The character of the artist must of necessity express itself in his work; and "if of infirm and feeble mind, he will cover all that he touches with clay-staining." The corrupt influences of his Roman surroundings are visible even in the later works of Raphael, where one misses the spiritual beauty which pervades his earlier paintings. We agree with Lucas Malet that "a good man and a good workman" are not synonymous; but we also agree with Ruskin—it is an axiom in ethics—that "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the pen writeth, and the brush painteth. An impure soul must of necessity express itself impurely in some degree; its work cannot avoid bearing some trace of the trail of the serpent. Colthurst, whose opinion must not be credited to the author, maintains that disease and sin, as well as other distressful contingencies of life, are "ideally beautiful," because "everything natural is beautiful." But disease and sin are not natural; they are an invasion of the order of Nature. Whatever mars or ruins the *raison d'être* of anything violates nature and offends against beauty. A pearl is beautiful, but the disease which caused it is not. Self-sacrifice is beautiful, but not the sin which made it necessary. Altogether, however, "The Wages of Sin" is so powerful a story that we long to see another from the same brilliant pen on some such lines as we have indicated.

A LITERARY VIEW OF THE AFGHANS.

Chants Populaires des Afghans. Recueillis par James Darmesteter. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale—Ernest Leroux, editeur. 1888—1890.

Lettres sur l'Inde: à la Frontière Afghane. Par James Darmesteter. Paris: A. Lemerre. 1888.

THERE is not in all Asia, that home of history and ethnology, a more remarkable people than that congeries of half-savage tribes who call themselves Pathans, and whom we know by the Persian name of Afghans. Too few and too disunited ever to become a great power, they have nevertheless, by their position on the north-western frontier of India, been for nearly a thousand years intimately connected with its history, and through it with the history of the world. We have twice waged war with them, have twice suffered serious reverses at their hands, have once been nearly drawn by them into a war with Russia. The traveller who sees them along the western border of India cannot fail to be impressed by their aspect, by their physical vigour, their strongly marked features, their fierce fanaticism, the tales he hears of their turbulent and revengeful disposition. They must, he thinks, be a strong race, who may have a remarkable future, as they have had a remarkable past. That they produce striking characters is sufficiently proved not only by the founders of the Pathan dynasties that ruled India before the Mogul Empire, but by such men as Ahmed Shah Durani in the last century, the Emirs Dost Mohammed and Abdurrahman in our own time. Yet almost the only sentiment one hears expressed towards them by English officials, military and civil, is one of dislike. They are described as treacherous, cruel, untameable. Individual Pathans have sometimes won the respect and even the affection of the colonels who have commanded them or the masters they have served. But the race, as a whole, gets a very bad name at the hands of our countrymen; and much less attention has been given to their history, their literature, their customs, their family and tribal organisation, than the Western traveller, to whom they seem so interesting, would have expected.

Even, however, were the materials for a knowledge of the Afghans as abundant as they are unfortunately scanty, we should welcome the two books by M. Darmesteter whose titles stand at the head of this article. M. Darmesteter unites two qualifications that are seldom found united, though perhaps more frequently in France than elsewhere. He is a learned philologist and the master of a brilliant descriptive style. He has written the larger of the two books—the collection of Afghan songs—in the former character; the smaller—Letters from the Afghan Frontier—in the latter.

The collection of songs contains, first, an essay on the Pushtu or Afghan language, its grammar and vocabulary; secondly, a sketch of Afghan history from the tenth century, when the race first comes within our view, to the present day; thirdly, a short essay on the literature of the Afghans; and, fourthly, the songs themselves, translated into French, with some explanatory notes, indices, and a number of the original texts. The linguistic parts of the book are of course serviceable only to professed philologists, but the curious reader will find much that is instructive and suggestive in the essays, as well as in the translations of the songs themselves. Nearly all of the latter are modern—the oldest, describing the conquest of Delhi by Ahmed Shah Durani in 1761, is some little while later than that time—and many belong to our own days. Among them there are several which relate to the war of 1878-80, and which describe the death of Cavagnari, the attack on Roberts's army in the cantonments of Shirpore, the valiant deeds and the death, by command of the Emir Abdurrahman, of Mohammed Jan, the hero of the Kabul rising in 1879. Of the poetical merit of these songs it is not very easy to judge in a prose translation, but many of them have the merits of a good ballad—directness, simplicity, energy. They are incomparably better than nine-tenths of the songs which were sung by the Northern soldiers during the American Civil War, or than those which are in the mouths of the peasantry of Ireland now. It would seem that the power of producing what may be called occasional popular poetry is one which dies out of civilised nations. A great poet may be able to write artistic lays suggested by some event, like Campbell's "Hohenlinden" or Tennyson's "Revenge" (the ballad on Sir Richard Grenville's sea-fight). But such lays belong to a totally different kind of literature—they have nothing in common, except a subject, with "Chevy Chase" or the Hákonarmál. One of the most curious of these ballads of the Afghan War is a sort of elegy on the death of a native Pathan officer (subahdar-major) of a Punjab regiment, killed in the battle of Peiwar Khotal. M. Darmesteter remarks on the scant recognition which the valour and devotion of the native subalterns in the British forces receive from Anglo-Indian commanders or historians. This ballad presents a graphic picture of the mortal wound received by the Sardar Bahadur, the efforts of the British surgeon (who is called "the drinker of wine") to save his life, the grief of the British general and major, the dying words of the veteran. Not less interesting are the religious and the

romantic poems. The love-songs, in which the manner of the Persian versifiers and of those with whose effusions we are all familiar in the "Arabian Nights," is imitated, are perhaps more conventional; but some of them have grace and brightness. Even he, however, who despairs of accurately gauging the merit of poetry in a translation, will find in the collection much that throws light upon the character and habits of a people who are still in that stage in which verse is the natural expression of every side of life and kind of thought.

The smaller and lighter book, "Letters on India"—is almost entirely occupied with Afghan matters, sketches of Afghan history and legend, descriptions of the religious and political notions of the Afghans—if, indeed, the name political can be used of them—anecdotes of Afghan life. They are wonderfully fresh and vivid, and are set off by the interspersed sketches of British frontier garrison life, so peculiarly British in the regions where the Englishman is least affected by native influences. At the beginning and end of the book there are some stray notes of a traveller on other parts of India, from which we make two or three extracts characteristic of M. Darmesteter's manner—

On Peshawur—

"Péchawer est célèbre dans tout le Penjab pour trois choses: *kebab*, *nân* et *din*, c'est-à-dire ses rôtis, son pain et sa religion. Je n'ai pu me faire ni à son rôti, ni à son pain, mais je ne voudrais pas pour cela les condamner sans appel, ni décourager les amateurs. Sa religion, au contraire, se fait apprécier du premier coup; il n'est de saints tel qu'à Péchawer, et vous ne passerez pas une rue le soir que vous n'entendiez des voix nasillardes ronflant de derrière les fenêtres les sourates du 'Coran illustre.' Au temps de l'empire afghan, Péchawer était la grande Université de l'Asie centrale; Boukhara la Sainte, elle-même, lui rendait hommage et lui envoyait des élèves, et les docteurs de Péchawer disaient 'La religion n'est ni à Roum (Stamboul) ni à la Mecque; elle est à Péchawer.'"

On Calcutta—

"5 Novembre, Calcutta.—Ancienne capitale de l'Inde anglaise. Un vieil usage veut que le Vice roi retourne y danser les hivers."

On Chandernagore—

"6 Novembre. Pris le train pour la France: Chandernagor.—Pauvre specimen de la France coloniale. Quinze malheureux fonctionnaires se demandent pourquoi ils sont là à veiller sur quelque milliers d'Indous qui n'ont de commerce qu'avec l'Angleterre et apprennent l'anglais. . . . Les indigènes, je dois pourtant le dire, seraient désolés de devenir Anglais. Force de principes de '89? des grandes vérités révolutionnaires: liberté, égalité, fraternité? Hélas non! L'Hindou, électeur et citoyen, avec tous ses droits à la présidence de la République, se moque bien de '89. Mais il paie 10 francs d'impôts à Chandernagor, au lieu de 30 à Calcutta. . . . Il n'y a que deux choses à voir à Chandernagor: la courbe de la rivière, qui rappelle celle de Bénarès, et le lit de Dupleix. C'est un lit immense; en bois de *bhit* inaltérable: les pieds reposent dans deux cuvettes antiformicaires: on monte par deux degrés sur ce monument: le grand éventail manœuvre sous le moustiquaire. Quels grands rêves on doit rêver sous cette gaze!"

On Futtehpore Sikri, the city of Akbar the Great, where the barbarous hand of the Anglo-Indian has wrought upon one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity a desecration like that of which he has been guilty on a larger scale at Buddah Gaya, at Delhi, at Allahabad, at Lahore—

"À vingt-trois milles d'Agra est Fatehpur Sikhri, la capitale que s'était construite Akbar, et qui tomba en ruines après lui. C'est d'une grandeur et d'une désolation comme celle d'une des Delhis. Toute la cité impériale est en pierre rouge, la pierre chère aux derniers Afghans et aux premiers Mogols. Elle s'effrite de jour en jour. De temps en temps le gardien de la cité morte entend un grand bruit sourd: c'est un mur qui s'effondre. Le palais de la princesse Miriam, femme de l'Empereur, dont les murs portent encore les fresques du Chah Nameh, est converti en Dak Bengalow: le *tearer* fait la cuisine dans le *Chatai mahal*. Les chambres du palais de la Reine Jat sont toutes noircies de la fumée de la cuisine: sur les dalles un *taharpai*, un chaudron, un tas de fumier, où fument les débris du *tchilam*, et auprès, un misérable Hindou, accroupi au milieu des splendeurs de ses ancien maîtres."

M. Darmesteter has the gift of crisp, pointed narrative, as well as of description. He understands how to dwell on salient points, neglecting details: in fact, he has the characteristics of the good French manner, without that disposition to sacrifice truth to effect, which not infrequently accompanies it. The sketch of Afghan history in chapter iii. is a model in its kind—terse, bright, and telling.

MACKLIN.

CHARLES MACKLIN. By Edward Abbott Parry. ("Eminent Actors" Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

THIS is an exceedingly modest little book about an actor of whose many foibles modesty was not one. Though he lived through practically the whole of the eighteenth century (1699 to 1797), and was, on the stage, well abreast if not ahead of his age, Macklin, off the stage, continued the Bohemian traditions of the seventeenth century histrion. He was turbulent, headstrong, something of a bully, perhaps, if we read aright the story of his quarrel with Quin, a little of the coward which your bully is vulgarly supposed to be. According to Lee Lewes (not Lewis, as Mr. Parry writes the name, unaware, apparently, that he is citing the grandfather of George Eliot's husband), "in his manner he was brutish; he was not to be softened into modesty either by sex or age. What Danton said of Marat may be applied to him—'He was volcanic, peevish, and unsociable.'" He was certainly "gey ill to live with," as some of his fellow-actors found to their cost. He killed one of them, Thomas Hallam, with whom he had quarrelled about the possession of a stage-wig, by poking out his eye with a stick in the green room of Drury Lane—a scalp-hunting exploit for which he was found guilty of manslaughter. In another green room dispute he fell foul of Quin, whose "business" he had done his best to spoil by mischievous by-play. Quin threw an apple at him, which, all the more, perhaps, because it was half-chewed, proved to be an apple of discord. "I went up to him directly," said Macklin many years afterwards, when he was induced to fight his battles o'er again "(for I was a good *boxing cull* in those days), and pushed him down into a chair and pummelled his face damnably." When the pummelled one demanded satisfaction "at the Obelisk in Covent Garden," the boxing cull carefully avoided the Obelisk, and ultimately apologised. All this belongs rather to the wild life of the Mohuns and Harts and other swashbucklers of the Restoration stage than to the histrionic *ethos* of Macklin's own time, best exemplified in the staid, circumspect, somewhat philistine Garrick. If Macklin's methods were too aggressive, his latest biographer errs perhaps in the direction of bated breath and whispering humbleness. He is content to have his book considered as a mere work of paste and scissors *plus* research. But it is really much more than that. It discriminates ably between facts and that parasitic growth of fiction by which the facts of a player's life are invariably obscured; and it sets forth the facts in an easy narrative which is capital reading from start to finish.

Of the three previous biographies of Macklin, Francis Congreve's (published 1798), James Kirkman's (1799), and William Cooke's (1804), the first is a mere pamphlet, and the two others, though valuable as written by men who had personally known Macklin, are overloaded by irresponsible anecdotage and by evidence as inadmissible as what the soldier said. For instance, Macklin undoubtedly lived to a great age, and therefore neither Kirkman nor Cooke can withstand the temptation of asserting that he lived to a greater. *C'est une affaire de mise à point*, a question of touching up, as Numa Roumestan said about the picturesque lies which he told to his constituents. Thus it has got about that Macklin was 107 when he died: a legend to which Mr. Parry essays to give its quietus by the bare bodkin of a reference to the "Aged 97 years" on the coffin-plate in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. There is also Macklin's own statement that "he was born in the last year of the last century." Against this is to be set another statement of Macklin's: that he was at college with Bishop Berkeley, whom he remembered as "a pretty lad." Now Berkeley was born in 1685, and would scarcely have seemed a "lad" to a boy fifteen years his junior. In a foot-note appended to Mr. Parry's argument, Mr. William Archer, the editor of the series, seems inclined to

throw over the coffin-plate theory of Macklin's age and to accept the "pretty lad" story—mainly, it would seem, on the grounds that Berkeley was notoriously a pretty lad, and that it would be unkind to suspect Macklin of lying. But if he was not, then his own statement about his age was obviously incorrect; and it seems to us that an old man's memory is much more likely to fail him about the friendships of his boyhood than about the date of his birth. Be that as it may, Macklin certainly lived to a great age, and saw a good deal of life in the colloquial, no less than in the literal, sense. A Bohemian, like other people, should begin at the beginning, and Macklin began by running away from home—with his mother's petty cash—after the fashion of Pierrot in *L'Enfant Prodigue*. He married a widow in the Borough; left her to return to Ireland as a "badgeman" (or sizar) of Trinity College; ran away from college to commence actor at Bristol; joined the Lincoln's Inn Fields company, whence he was soon promoted to Drury Lane. He restored the true Shylock (hitherto played by Doggett and other drolls as a low-comedy part) to the stage, headed a strike of the actors, and was often in hot, more often in low, water for the rest of his long life. Not the least quaint of his many adventures was his attempt to combine the art of histrionics with what Fielding calls "the art of polite eating." Under the sign of "The British Inquisition" he started a three-shilling ordinary at a tavern in the Piazza, Covent Garden; and when his customers had eaten their fill, he mounted a pulpit and offered them a gratuitous lecture on the drama by way of dessert—an experiment which soon landed him in the Bankruptcy Court. Quarrels with his audiences before the curtain and with his managers behind it, actions-at-law against his fellow-players (in the course of one of which Lord Mansfield declared the English playgoer's inalienable right to hiss) ultimately brought his public career to a close. Not, however, until he had produced two good comedies, *Love à la Mode*, the humour of which is said to have penetrated even the thick skull of George II., and *The Man of the World*, a play which held the stage until the death of Phelps, and which even now is not dead but sleepeth—until such time as a competent Sir Pertinax Macsycophant shall reappear. In the last years of his life he sank into the garrulous, bibulous pantaloon, hobbling from theatre to tavern and from tavern to theatre, having at the one place his recognised corner in the pit, at the other his bowl filled with "a pint of white wine, a pint of water, some sugar, milk, and mashed potatoes."

His distinguishing merit as an actor was that he strenuously advocated, and practised, a return to nature. In this the defective archæology of his age would allow him to be only half successful. If to his contemporaries his Shylock seemed (the jingle is unkindly attributed to Pope) "the Jew that Shakespeare drew," to us—as we see it in Zoffany's well-known portrait—it has dangerous suggestions of Houndsditch. He knew better than to dress Macbeth, as Garrick did, in the scarlet and lace of an English general; but his superior knowledge did not get beyond the stage of clothing the Thane of Cawdor in the *défroque* of a clansman of the '45. His Iago "had perhaps some academic virtues." In that matter, Macklin's virtues were academic in the literal or Auchinleck sense: "he keepit a schule and ca'd it an aca-a-demy" for actors; his pupils including Foote and Spranger Barry. Here, writes a contemporary, "it was his manner to check all the cant and cadence of tragedy. He would bid his pupil first speak the passages as he would in common life; and then giving them more force, but preserving the same accent, to deliver them on the stage." This was the great principle of Hamlet's advice to the performers of *The Mouse Trap*—the return to nature; and that Macklin not only preached but practised it is sufficient justification for his inclusion among the company of "Eminent Actors."

STORIES BY LADY DILKE.

THE SHRINE OF LOVE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Lady Dilke. London: Routledge & Sons. 1891.

FOUR years ago Lady Dilke published a little collection of stories called "The Shrine of Death," and the appreciation shown for them has encouraged their writer to publish another small volume, similar in kind, to which she has given the title of "The Shrine of Love." Seven short tales or allegories make up the book. All of them are written in the simple, old-fashioned English which forms to many minds the best setting for a mediæval tale, but in English so fastidiously chosen as to add to their effect. One or two short passages of description, such as that of the sanctuary of love at the beginning, and that of the mysterious white witch in "The Triumph of the Cross," who bore the scent of the passion-flower on her lips and the breath of the south in her nostrils, and was "clothed about with the fires of the sun," are happy examples of an imaginative style. Some of the stories, and especially one called, rather forbiddingly, "The Hangman's Daughter," which we think the best, have about them the genuine touch of weirdness for which some romance-writers vainly strive. All, with their prevailing tone of sadness, recall, Lady Dilke tells us in her preface, the essential facts of some situation which their author has known in real life, and illustrate the mysteries of punishment, "the avenging fates which pursue the mistakes of men," and "those strange coils which form, when inherited nature and early training are at war, amongst the circumstances of later life." The appearance and "get-up" of the little volume are thoroughly in keeping with its contents.

CIVILITY, BY THE YARD.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY. Traced to their Source and Restored. By Moncure Daniel Conway. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

IN an old copy-book belonging formerly to George Washington, and now preserved in the State archives of Washington City, are certain Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation. There are a hundred and ten of these; they have in some cases been damaged by mice, are spelled incorrectly, punctuated wrongly, and are of no particular value at the present day. Consequently they are of great interest to the antiquarian. Mr. Conway has shown that these rules were not original—George Washington was a schoolboy of fourteen or fifteen when they were written—but part of the instruction which he derived from the Rev. James Marye, and that the Rev. James Marye probably derived them from a manual which he had used at his Rouen college, and from an English version which he did not entirely understand. The rules themselves are quaint, and some of them are amusing; but one is almost inclined to doubt whether they were worth the pains which the laborious Mr. Conway has bestowed upon them. Mr. Conway hopes "that the time is not far distant when in every school right rules of civility will be taught as a main part of the curriculum." We cannot join in his hope. Civility may be learned from example; but it is not well taught by precept. We fancy that taught civility, like tinned salmon, would not be so good as the other kind.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SIR THOMAS MORE, LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Portrait. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. Crown 8vo.

WHEN due allowance is made for the standpoint of the writer, the Rev. T. E. Bridgett's biography of "Sir Thomas More" may be pronounced, not merely a scholarly, but an impressive book. In Mr. Bridgett's opinion, the best work on More is that of Thomas Stapleton, which was published in Latin, as far back as 1588, and has been translated into French, though not into English. He states that his chief reason for writing the present narrative, rather than translating or annotating Stapleton, is due to the fact that the State papers which illustrate the reign of Henry VIII. contain many important documents which were quite inaccessible to former biographers. More's own writings form, however, the basis of this valuable and, in some respects, fascinating study of the great Chancellor's personal traits and public services. Long passages from the Latin works of Sir Thomas More have been translated by Mr. Bridgett, and these, together with many characteristic letters, are duly woven into the text of the present study. Mr. Bridgett breaks a lance more than once with Mr. Seebohm, and declares, in round terms, that the latter's "Oxford Reformers" is a fantastic and misleading book, built up from conjectures and by false deductions. He appears to think that the best monument which the Catholics of England can rear to "the martyr" would be a complete and careful edition of all his works both English and Latin. Many of the English writings of Sir Thomas More are so scarce as to be practically inaccessible, and even in the British Museum there is only one copy of the voluminous black-letter collection compiled by William Rastell, the nephew and biographer of More. Every phase of Sir Thomas More's life is passed in review in this volume, and Mr. Bridgett's verdict might be summed up in Bishop Burnet's words—"He was a man of rare virtues, and excellent parts."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

A CLEAR and admirable description of "Achievements in Engineering during the Last Half Century" has just been added to the series known as "Events of our Own Time." The aim of the book is to give an accurate account of the chief engineering works carried out at home and abroad within the last fifty years. Mr. L. F. Vernon-Harcourt is singularly well able to deal with such a subject, and we do not think that it would have been possible to have given within the limits of three hundred pages a more clear or comprehensive survey. Whenever possible, technical phraseology has been avoided, so that the general reader is not brought to bay or the dictionary by the intrusion of purely scientific terms; at the same time, the wants of professional students have not been altogether overlooked; and practical engineers, who possibly may not set much store by the illustrations in the volume, are sure to appreciate the diagrams which Mr. Vernon-Harcourt has provided. Here and there, moreover, various details are inserted in the narrative, and comparisons are also made of a kind which will prove of most service to those who are best acquainted with the entire field of operations dealt with in these pages. As the greatest engineering triumphs which the world has witnessed have been accomplished in the Queen's reign, Mr. Vernon-Harcourt has certainly not suffered from a lack of material; indeed, he has been compelled by the exigences of space to content himself in some instances with a passing allusion. Amongst the most interesting chapters in this brief and really able book are those which relate to the construction of the underground railways of London and the elevated railways of New York, and the iron roads across the Alps, the Rocky Mountains, and the Andes. The manner in which the Alps have been pierced by the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, and the Arlberg Tunnels is described at length, and an interesting chapter is also devoted to the boring operations under the Hudson, Severn, Mersey, and Thames. The progress and principles of modern bridge construction are illustrated by the tubular bridges across the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and the Menai Straits, Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, and the magnificent Cantilever Bridge over the Firth of Forth, with its two spans of seventeen hundred feet. Prominent amongst the more recent engineering achievements of the last few years are the Manchester Ship Canal, the new Eddystone lighthouse, and that huge mechanical toy in Paris the Eiffel Tower. The mysteries of submarine mining and blasting are also explained by Mr. Vernon-Harcourt, and an interesting chapter of the book is likewise devoted to the improvement works on the Tyne, the Seine, the Maas, the Danube, and the Mississippi. We have said, however, enough to indicate the character and scope of this well-arranged and impressive record.

Although the late Lieutenant Lyster of the Royal Engineers spent three years "With Gordon in China," there is surprisingly little in this volume of letters which bears out the promise of the title. Young Lyster landed in China in August, 1862, and was immediately employed in active service against the rebels, who were then threatening Shanghai. He proved himself a brave and capable officer, and he was entrusted with difficult tasks by Gordon, who quickly recognised the real ability of his zealous subordinate. Lieutenant Lyster's health failed in 1864, and he was recommended to return to England; but, in Gordon's own words, the plucky young fellow "thought that it would be a slur to leave under a medical certificate," and so struggled manfully on for another year, only to die on his way home, whither the medical authorities had, at length, peremptorily ordered him. Most of these letters are bright, boyish effusions, scribbled in the hurried intervals of active service, but though they reveal the lovable nature of the writer they can hardly be said to do much more. Here and there, it is true, we gain a passing glimpse of Chinese affairs, and rub shoulders, as it were, for a moment with Gordon; but we have a right to expect much more than that in a volume of some three hundred pages, and one which bears, moreover, such a title.

A dainty booklet has just reached us, entitled "The Greatest Fight in the World." It consists of an address on the "good fight of faith," delivered at a conference this spring with his students past and present by the renowned pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. It is truly a characteristic deliverance, aglow with moral earnestness, lit up with genuine humour, and rich in the saving quality of common sense. As usual, Mr. Spurgeon's trumpet gives no uncertain sound; indeed, he himself declares that no man shall be in any doubt as long as he lives concerning either his convictions or his message. "We shall not hesitate to speak, in the strongest Saxon words we can find, and in the plainest sentences we can put together, that which we hold as fundamental truth." And he proceeds to denounce those who preach in an indefinite, hesitating, and vague fashion. Even those who are least in agreement with Mr. Spurgeon will at least not feel much doubt as to the secret of his power after reading this remarkable address, angular and conservative though they may deem it. For one snatch of autobiography space must be found:—"After preaching the Gospel for forty years, and after printing the sermons I have preached for more than six-and-thirty years, reaching now to the number of 2,200 in weekly succession, I am fairly entitled to speak about the fulness and richness of the Bible as a preacher's book. It is inexhaustible. No question about freshness will arise if we keep closely to the text of the sacred volume. A long life will only suffice us to skirt the shores of this great continent of light. In the forty years of my own ministry I have only touched the hem of the garment of divine truth; but what virtue has flowed out of it!" Deep brotherly love and unaffected humility are quite as conspicuous as courage and vigour in this stirring and faithful appeal.

Brief meditations, ending in each instance with a few lines of more or less appropriateness from some religious poem or hymn, may be said to form the staple of "Simple Thoughts for the Church's Seasons." The book is one of a class of manuals which seek to minister to personal religion and the devout life, and it is marked by great plainness of speech, as well as by a certain impressive elevation of tone. Origen declared that the life of a Christian ought to be "one great continuous prayer," and whilst this volume everywhere insists on patient endeavour, the keynote to which all its counsels respond is that of lofty and far-reaching aspiration.

Lord Macaulay's Essay on Sir William Temple has just appeared in a carefully annotated edition, prepared with the view of meeting the requirements of pupils studying for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations this year. The notes are clear and concise, and every allusion in the text of the least obscurity is briefly explained. Miss Cripps has freely availed herself of such books of reference as Courtenay's "Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple" and Mr. Parry's edition of "The Letters of Dorothy Osborne"; whilst Clarendon, and, of course, more recent historians, have also been placed under requisition. This is one of the best text-books of the kind which we have seen, and the maps are an additional advantage.

The adventures of a nervous "patient," beset—in imagination, at least—with half the ills that flesh is heir to, are amusingly set forth in a little book about "My Doctors." There is a great deal of sly fun poked at the "profession" in these pages, and not a few familiar types are hit off to the life. We are introduced, for example, to the easy-going, jolly country practitioner of the old school, who administers pill and potion according to the traditions received from the fathers, and his son, just qualified, studious and scientific, dreadfully in earnest, and not a little fidgety. The wags of the parish avowed that the difference between the pair was that the young doctor killed his patients whilst the old doctor let them die. Perhaps the best sketch in the book is that of "The Big-Wig of Harley Street"—a consulting physician in full society swing. The great man's manner is admirably indicated, and the scene in his sanctum is conjured up with a mischievous realism which is droll in the extreme. The book abounds in good stories of a dry, satirical kind, but it is only fair to add that there is nothing spiteful or ill-natured in these entertaining chapters. "We may have our jest at the doctor's expense when we are well, but we should be sorry creatures without him when we are ill," is the final sentence of the book, and it aptly sums up the conclusion of the whole matter.

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* ACHIEVEMENTS IN ENGINEERING DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY. By L. F. Vernon-Harcourt, M.A., author of "Rivers and Canals," etc. Illustrated. London: Seeley & Co. Demy 8vo. (5s.)

WITH GORDON IN CHINA: LETTERS FROM THOMAS LYSTER. Portrait. Edited by E. A. Lyster. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo.

THE GREATEST FIGHT IN THE WORLD. Conference Address by C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

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MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. Edited, with Notes, by E. Cripps. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh. Crown 8vo.

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